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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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ILLINOIS.—THE FRIGHTFUL CALAMITY AT MOUNT VERNON, FEBRUARY 19TH—DESTRUCTIVE PATH OF THE CYCLONE
THROUGH THE SOUTHWESTERN SECTION OF THE CITY.

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 34.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1888.

THE FISHERIES TREATY.

THE full text of the convention just signed by the Commissioners of the United States and Great Britain fails to sustain the favorable views of the agreement at first sent forth by the Press, and stated by us in our last issue. The treaty secures us with certainty only the right to fish on the high seas and the privilege of putting into Canadian ports to save from destruction life and property in cases of distress. The former concession belongs to us by immemorial right under the laws of nations; the latter is granted by all civilized communities under the laws of hospitality and common humanity.

But the privilege of fishing on the open seas, near Canadian waters, is attended with this hazardous condition, that if, by inadvertence, accident or adverse winds, American fishermen should drop inside of an imaginary three-mile line, their vessels, cargoes, tackle, provisions and all shall at once be subject to entire confiscation. In the case of actual disaster, our fishing-vessels may purchase in Canadian ports, "for the homeward voyage," provisions and supplies, but not to aid them in the further prosecution of their enterprises, although trouble may have come upon them at the very beginning of their fishing season. Under Article XIV. of this singular treaty, any violation of any law of Great Britain, Canada or Newfoundland, relating to the rights of fishing, may be punishable by penalties summarily inflicted to the extent of \$3 per ton of vessel, or more than \$1,000 in some cases. The detained vessels can be held as security for these arbitrarily imposed fines. We further get from Canada the privilege of passing through the Strait of Canso, a right, really, of which the Dominion cannot justly deprive the vessels of any nation; and we secure the surrender of the preposterous "head-line" theory, a pretension always too absurd for discussion.

These are the substantial, unconditional provisions of a treaty which may prove no more satisfactory than the Treaty of 1818, if the spirit that has hitherto guided the Canadian courts in their interpretations of the old agreement should continue to animate them while executing the new convention.

A conditional concession of this treaty is that in case the laws of the United States are changed so that absolute free trade in fish is accorded to Canada and Newfoundland, then our vessels can purchase supplies, land fish and ship crews in our neighbors' ports. This is the only provision of the agreement that is worthy of serious consideration by the Senate. If the price is not too high, the Americans may choose to pay it, as the only sure way of living on terms of peace with their northern neighbors. As to the protocol or *modus vivendi* under which we may get along until the treaty takes effect, it may be said that it grants nothing except for what the full price is to be paid. The profits arising to the Canadians from selling our fishermen supplies, provisions, etc., together with \$1.50 per ton for the privilege of becoming their customers, will more than compensate them for the loss of fish from the neighboring high seas.

This is, in short, an admirable convention—for Canada and Great Britain. While it is not so manifest a jug-handle treaty as the so-called Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, it is at least one-sided enough to secure its prompt ratification on the other side of the line. It leaves all matters of present dispute unsettled, or else refers points of contention to the adjudication of Canadian courts. Our experience has not been such as to cause a further longing for the services of these tribunals as courts of last resort. A treaty which leaves its own interpretation to one of the high contracting parties, which happens in this case to be our adversary, will scarcely find much favor with the United States Senate.

A FINANCIAL REFORM.

ONE of the most important of recent movements among business men is that of leading bankers of this city requesting the New York Stock Exchange to appoint an auditor or examiner of railroad reports who shall be responsible only to a committee of that institution. This movement unquestionably strikes at the root of a very grave evil. It strikes at untruthful reports concerning their financial standing by railroad companies whereby thousands of persons may be led to make disastrous investments. Falsified reports, "doctored" statements of money resources, have become so frequent, the evil is so glaring, that American railroad finance is in danger of becoming a byword and a reproach. Has it not become so already? At a meeting of the Institute of Bankers, held in London last month, it was stated that "American railroads open an enormous field for investment of English capital if people are careful enough in the selection of the securities, but there is now extreme want of knowledge of these securities." Plenty of reports are issued, and the phrase, "extreme want of knowledge of these securities" is a cautious way of stating the well-known distrust of foreign investors concerning the official statements

of some of the American railroad companies. The foreign investor has been in some cases systematically defrauded by persons who by a singular euphemism are termed "financiers." Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his "Procession of Life," wherein men are grouped according to their moral similarity, makes a financier take the hand of a burglar, and severe as such an imputation is, there is enough truth in it to reach a certain class of moneyed schemers of whom financiers of integrity are of course ashamed.

If the presidents and directors of railroads are made to understand that their reports will be carefully and honestly analyzed by an independent auditor responsible only to the Stock Exchange, they will be cautious about sending out misleading statements concerning the properties under their care, and there will be no point to the sneer of a prominent railroad auditor who says that with the aid of the four preceding reports of a railroad he can show the weak points and inconsistencies of the fifth, and that he could probably do so with only two preceding statements. The Stock Exchange could accomplish this reform in the matter of honest railroad finance by simply refusing to list the securities of companies seeking to hamper the work of reform.

The adoption of the proposed scheme would result in giving a clearer understanding of the value of railroad securities, which, with a broad continent to develop, must always be an important class of investments; it would thus tend to prevent panics, which are often greatly intensified by ignorance of the true value of stocks and bonds; it would make the business of banking safer by preventing loans on worthless collaterals; it would tend to prevent the over-capitalization of railroads and the squandering of capital in the building of useless roads. Banking-houses with a world-wide reputation advocate the reform, and its leading idea will doubtless become an accomplished fact at no distant day.

THE ENFORCEMENT OF LAW.

THE sixth annual meeting of the National Law and Order League, held in Philadelphia on the 21st of February, was a notable occasion. Established but seven years ago, this League is now represented in many of the large cities, and is steadily extending its influence. It owes its origin to no political party, and it has no political aims in view, unless the enforcement of the laws can be called a political aim. It is the outgrowth of a conviction that the growing contempt for the law, and more especially for those enactments intended to control and regulate the liquor traffic and to close up disorderly houses, must be counteracted by the organization of right-thinking citizens for effective work. No fault is found with the laws, for these are nearly always good. The difficulty lies in the execution of laws which are only supported by a diffuse public sentiment, while they are stubbornly opposed by a vigilant and active body of men, fighting to keep their hold on a trade which yields enormous profits. By bribery and corruption, direct and indirect, by intimidation, by influence exerted in a thousand ways, these men resist or evade the provisions of the law. Good citizens look on and are grieved, or indignant, and in either case are powerless, for want of an organization. This they now have in the Law and Order League, the Vigilance Association of a higher kind than the famous one of San Francisco, since, instead of opposing and nullifying the law, it works within the law, and takes the initiative in bringing evil-doers before the courts.

A temperate and well-considered action like this has a claim to the support of all who value regulated freedom, good order and progress. These depend, in a republic, far more on the quickened moral sense of the people than on the action of the authorities, always somewhat slow in their recognition of great principles, and rarely in possession of the martyr spirit that defies unpopularity. Government of the people, by the people and for the people, is a phrase that has lost much of its significance with its familiarity; and so we have the anomalous spectacle daily presented to us of an intelligent nation driven to reinforce and to supplement its governmental machinery by new devices, invented, organized and worked by voluntary, extra-official associations.

From one point of view this necessity seems to imply a weakness in the political organism; and if there were, or ever had been, such a wonder as a perfect political creation, this view might be taken as the right one. The advocates of what is called a strong government are quite convinced that all is wrong in a country where the citizens must put their shoulders to the wheel in a crisis. They who have faith in liberty see, on the other hand, that this constant renewal of the appeal to principle is one of the strongest safeguards of freedom. It reawakens and vivifies the conception in each individual mind of the common weal; and, in itself, it would make the republican education of men, who might, without it, be careless and indifferent members of society. Sensitiveness to an appeal of this kind is not to be expected of men subjected to the will of an irresponsible government; it is the distinctive birthright of intelligent and conscientious freemen.

PROGRESS OF HIGH LICENSE.

FOR once, at least, New Jersey is ahead of the Empire State. In both States High License measures have been before the Legislatures, earnestly indorsed by all

fair-minded citizens who have learned to appreciate the dangers of the liquor traffic. In New Jersey the High License and Local Option measure has passed both Legislative branches in spite of the solid opposition of the liquor interest, backed by the Democratic party machine. In the New York Legislature, the High License Bill has slumbered in the committee until within a few days, when it was favorably reported to the House. No action has been taken in the way of putting the measure to a vote, and yet the Legislature has surely been in session long enough to justify expectation of some definite action. There may be ground for discussion as to the best Local Option measures. In New Jersey an unsuccessful attempt was made to substitute option by cities, towns and boroughs for option by counties. In this State, Local Option in the larger cities is perhaps not advisable, but what we want now is free discussion and prompt action. There is something suspicious about this delay and apparent indifference at Albany. It will not do to attempt to suppress the Bill at this stage, and we do not believe that this can be done, although there are reasons for believing that inaction would suit some Republicans as well as most of the Democrats. The public at large are becoming educated to believe in High License, and the men at Albany should remember that they are only the representatives of the public. Let them stand up at once and be counted. What Governor Hill may do afterward is not the present concern of the legislators. It is their business to pass the Bill without further procrastination. The Governor, we regret to say, is not unlikely to veto the Bill; but this year he will have no plausible excuse, and a veto will make his name offensive in the nostrils of men who believe in sobriety and decency.

OUR LEISURE CLASS.

WE hear much these days about our leisure class of women and the uselessness and the utter folly of their lives. There is something inexpressibly annoying about this to the friends of the sex, inasmuch as it is as hard to refute as the famous insinuation of Governor Andrew about the forty thousand "aimless and anxious ones" of Massachusetts.

Taken hour for hour, there is no doubt but what the average rich woman really does as much as the average poor woman, drawing the line, say, at the \$5,000-a-year mark. There has never been invented or raised a more dawdling and useless creature than is to be found on every hand as the wife of a man who earns from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year, is himself without especial ambition and has married a girl who used either to tend in some shop, or would have done so if she had had any sort of feeling for her father and mother. She is usually found in a boarding-house, childless and unemployed, fault-finding, gossiping and unhealthy, and an inveterate shopper for bargains. Her husband may love her, and he may some day make money, but the chances are greatly against it.

As companions to these may be noted an equally useless set of women, who have married more money, but are, withal, without the slightest instincts of the home-maker or the housekeeper. The mere fact of their having more money does not excuse them; the only thing in their favor is that there are fewer of them! Social ambition, if nothing else, drives them to a home of their own, and they partially, if not wholly, reform.

Here, then, we come to the other sort of womanhood, the "leisure class," as opposed to the woman who is nursemaid to her own children and seamstress as well, besides being a very good housekeeper and companion for her husband. Look at Mrs. Cleveland; ask some one who knows her to discover how many leisure moments she has from morning till night; and taking her for an example, judge how many minutes a day are spent in idleness by any thorough society woman. Talk among the philanthropists, and ask if it is not the women like Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. James who give their time as well as their money to the poor; and if that is not proof, go, indeed, to several hundred women about the Stanton Street Mission and ask them if they are not wearing whole suits of clothes that Mrs. Vanderbilt cut out for them with her own hands from simple longing to do good and not hire good!

Look at the children of Murray Hill with their mothers, and note how close and loving is the care which is popularly supposed to be ended with the providing of the governesses and maids. Think of the correspondence that the reputation for wealth brings with it, and the correspondence that is often done for the husband, and the never-ceasing willingness to hear the plea of the poor and needy. Add to this the supervision of the house and the never-ceasing hospitality into which fashionable women throw themselves with all their vitality; and then, if further proof be needed, ask the young girl at service, and the honest little seamstress, which is the mistress they prefer. Not once in a hundred times will there be a different answer than that it is the idle woman who is hard to please with faithful work, and the busy one who knows its value.

THE CONVENTION IN ST. LOUIS.

THE Democratic Convention will be held at St. Louis. Chicago was not able to demand it very persistently, because, having had the last two conventions of one party and one of the other, to ask for this would have looked immodest. Chicago could not even seem to be otherwise than modest. Then there are quicksands underneath the big Exposition Building where conventions are held in Chicago which might wash a National Democratic Convention out into the lake. The antipathy of the Democratic party to cold water, as displayed by its action on the temperance question, and the apprehension that the quicksands might become a painful suggestion of the peril of free-trade policy, would sufficiently justify the rejection of Chicago.

San Francisco was objectionable, as amounting to the selection of a Republican State, in preference to a Democratic Territory nearer by. Utah would cast an overwhelming vote for the Democratic party. California would not. To pass through Salt Lake City and hold the convention in San Francisco would seem like a puritanical rebuke to a patriarchal institution. Whatever other sins the Democratic party may be charged with, it desires to avoid being puritanical.

If the Convention were held in New York city, it would have to choose, probably, between the Metropolitan Opera House, Tammany Hall and Madison Square Garden as its place of meeting. The first is too respectable to suit a certain democratic element; the second is too democratic to be respectable; and the third would be too suggestive of the inferiority of all other candidates to

John L. Sullivan. Besides, as the fight for the control of the Convention may centre largely in the New York delegation, it is just as well for candidate Cleveland that the Convention should be withdrawn from immediate New York influence, or at least from an excess of it. So it would seem that the selection of St. Louis is in every way a wise one—for the believers in a "second term."

A LOOK AT THE GIFT HORSE.

IT is Lent, and the woman of fashion, in penitential garments, bends devoutly over her prayer-book—and rests! With her humble prayers for herself and her enemies, it is shrewdly suspected that the women who have mortified the flesh during the past season by entertaining largely are mingling strong ones for "deliverance from their friends." It is to be doubted if there has been a single instance since the season opened where a rich woman has given her best in every way for the enjoyment of her friends, without incurring the sharpest possible criticism from these friends for her reprehensible conduct.

One of the last and probably the most lavishly devised entertainments of the season illustrates this state of affairs exactly. A well-known society leader of Washington Square, delayed by personal reasons, probably, in the returning of many social courtesies, until Ash Wednesday was close at hand, sent out cards for one large reception, instead of holding several, as she did last year. She has hosts of friends and many social acquaintances, and she chose to be courteous to all.

Well, when the day came, rain came with it. Yet the host were undeterred. They came in their carriages; footmen met them with umbrellas, and escorted them to the door. The late-comers found the house crowded, and none who were ready to go. Every one wanted to stay and study the scene, feast at the lavishly spread tables, sip from the odorous cup, and see and be seen. It was long past the hour that set the limit for the parting guest when the crowd began to thin, and even those going went with ill-disguised regret.

Yet what did these same gentlewomen say the next day, and what have they been saying ever since? They say it rained! And pray, is the rain controlled by a woman in Washington Square? They say the house was crowded! Would they have been pleased to be dropped from the lady's list at such a time? They say the punch was too strong, and the feast too lavish! Were they forced to drink the punch against their will, and did the lavish feast spring from other thought than to do honor to the guests?

There is no more sure sign in society of the woman who is new to the manners thereof or who is jealous of the success of others, than attends the woman who accepts an invitation, squeezes it dry of every possible hospitality, and then on the morrow—talks! Surely, if there were too many people present to make it pleasant for tender souls who dislike "crushes," it would have been easy to greet the hostess, and those who received with her, and then take flight, to come again informally on another day! But the trouble is, no one wanted to go as long as there was anything to be seen, and the very women who forget that a formal reception is not intended for a day's picnic are the ones who would have been the most indignant if cards had been sent for two receptions and they had been bidden to the last instead of the first.

HELP FOR HINDOO WOMEN.

THE announcement that Mrs. Cleveland has joined the Ramabai Circle, for the elevation of women in India, is likely to attract attention to a movement which has been for some time making great progress on both sides of the ocean. This movement contemplates especially the amelioration of the deplorable condition of the widows of India. There were in that country, according to the last census, 20,930,626 widows, of whom 73,976 were under nine years of age; 207,388 under fourteen years; and 382,736 under nineteen years of age. The laws and traditions of the Hindoos virtually constitute this vast number slaves and pariahs, doomed to lives of misery and separation from their caste and kind. These galling restrictions are especially severe upon the child widows, thousands of whom are betrothed, wedded and widowed before they are able to estimate rationally upon the simplest occurrences of life.

The law in such a case can do but little. Max Müller states that any attempt at present to change the marriage code of India would do more harm than good. The friends of these wretched people look to education as the only remedy that can be applied with any hope of immediate, though of course partial, success.

The initiative was taken a few years ago by the Pundita Ramabai, at present residing in Philadelphia, and herself one of the proscribed and persecuted class of Hindoo widows. She is the author of a book, describing the condition and usages of the high-caste Hindoo women, which did much to enlighten people in America and Great Britain as to the peculiar social condition of women in Hindoostan. Through her influence the organization of what are called "Ramabai Circles" has been begun in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, and among the leaders in the good work are such men as Edward Everett Hale, Phillips Brooks, Lyman Abbott, and others not less prominent.

The object these organizations have in view is to establish a home and school, either at Bombay or Calcutta, for child widows. It is believed that such an institution would turn out in time "lovely brides, educated wives, and self-dependent mothers," and its influence upon the whole social fabric could not be otherwise than salutary. The movement, affording as it does another proof of the growing sympathy with the movement for the elevation of woman, is likely to rank as one of the most notable of the many remarkable schemes of reform which have marked the present century.

THERE is at least one other man in the country besides Mr. Blaine who knows his own mind as to the Presidential candidacy. General Sheridan, being interviewed on the subject, says in the most positive way that he has never "had the Presidential bee in his bonnet," and that nothing could tempt him to accept that or any other civil office. There is no doubt that "Little Phil" means precisely what he says. He likes his present position; he doesn't like, and realizes that he is unfitted for, the high office for which he has been mentioned as a possible candidate; and he speaks out plainly and betimes in order that "the parties concerned may no longer waste their breath." Who will be the next in the list of suggested candidates to step down and out?

THE unquestionable wrongs inflicted upon Uncle Sam's postmasters of the third and fourth classes by the petty regulations which govern their offices present a fine opportunity for reformers in Congress, who may any day listen to bitter complaints sent up by hundreds of faithful public servants in all parts of the country. Many third-class postmasters, and those of the fourth class who have charge of large offices, are considerably worse off than city letter-carriers, or common messengers at Washington. Out of a

salary of, say, \$1,100 per annum, they are obliged to pay the rent of an office, and supply fuel, lights, stationery, and extra clerk hire. For this last important item the department usually allows about \$150, while at least double that amount is required to secure efficient help. So it comes about that for the labors and responsibilities of the office in which he serves and represents the Government of the United States in one of its most important agencies, the postmaster receives scarcely more than half of his nominal salary, which is modest enough in its undepleted figure. Such a niggardly policy is not to be confounded with economy, even if petty economy were desirable in such a department as the Post-office—which it certainly is not.

THE Virginia Legislature exhibits a lamentable indifference to schemes of progress and reform. The other day a member who seems to be anxious to keep up with the times proposed a resolution directing the Committee on Schools to inquire into the expediency of fixing by law a literary qualification as a prerequisite for persons under twenty-five years of age to obtain a marriage license. He supported his proposition by an argument designed to show that it was desirable to stimulate the young to improve the educational advantages offered them, and that, taking human nature as it is, a law making it necessary for any young man or woman to have a good education as a condition precedent to getting married would supply just the most effective stimulus that could possibly be desired. The argument, from the standpoint of the man who made it, seemed conclusive, but the House of Delegates, destitute of all sympathy with great ideas, "sat down" upon the proposition with remorseless celerity; and the rising generation of that great commonwealth may still enter the married state without being required to furnish evidence of proficiency in Greek roots or Latin declensions.

DURING the last week of March there will be held at Washington a convention of women representatives of various lines of thought and action. Their purpose will be the discussion of women's work in its different phases, and, if possible, the formation of a permanent organization. Although this meeting is held at the invitation of the Woman's Suffrage Association, the political condition of woman will not be the only topic, nor perhaps the most important one, to be discussed. The subjects to be considered include the work which women are doing in various industries, in philanthropy, in temperance, education and in the professions. Miss Clara Barton will present the noble work of the "Red Cross"; Miss Alice Fletcher will describe work among the Indians; Miss Willard will discuss "Woman and Temperance," and Mme. Bagelot, of Paris, will explain the "Prison Reform Work of St. Lazare." Many other prominent women have been invited to take part—among them Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Diaz, Lucy Stone and Ednah D. Cheney. This gathering of women of brains and experience cannot fail to prove suggestive and profitable, and doubtless ideas will be developed which will lead to beneficial practical results.

THE Northwest has come to be regarded as the country of big things, from blizzards down, and the latest railroad scheme which has originated in that quarter is at least characteristic. This is nothing more nor less than a plan for a railroad from St. Paul, Minn., via Bismarck, Dak., British Columbia and Alaska, to Pekin, China, and Irkutsk, in the Russian Empire. Existing lines are to be used to Victoria, B. C., or Westminster. Thence the road will be built to Cape Prince of Wales, on Behring Strait, a distance of 1,100 miles. Behring Strait is at that point only 35 miles wide, dotted with islands, and the water averages a depth of 25 fathoms. Of course a bridge is ultimately contemplated. From East Cape, on the Asiatic side, the road will be built to Pekin and Irkutsk, and perhaps to the moon. We are informed that through trains will cover the 5,169 miles between St. Paul and Pekin in ten days, but it is not probable that Pacific Mail Steamship stock will fall in consequence of this prediction. The route described, or a similar one, was once explored by the Western Union Telegraph Company, but an overland telegraph route was deemed undesirable or impracticable. The dream of overland transit is a familiar one, but it is scarcely necessary to say that capital is not likely to be tempted to invest in a physical impossibility.

WHEN we called attention to the evils of Trusts some months ago the subject had received comparatively little attention, but the operations of the Trust are being made tolerably familiar to the public by the present investigation in this city. The New York Times and New York World have devoted many columns to the exposure of the methods of various Trusts, much to the disgust of monopolistic organs, and the present efforts of the legislative committee which is investigating the Sugar Trust in New York are likely to add materially to the general fund of information. If combination in a Trust means greater economy in production and a consequent gain to the consumer, much might be said in favor of the system. But it is a fact that the formation of a Trust almost invariably means an advance in the price of the article thus protected. This enables those interested to make a profit at both ends, but the consumer is worse off than before. This arbitrary use of capital to increase the prices of the necessities of life is morally, and it would seem legally, unjustifiable. The investigation of the Sugar Trust has thus far brought out the usual number of reluctant and forgetful witnesses, but the general fact of an arbitrary increase of profits at the expense of the consumer seems abundantly established. Whether any practical results in the way of restrictive legislation can be reached remains to be seen.

THE moth-eaten and otherwise venerable assertion that "politics makes strange bedfellows" has had no more grotesque and wholly entertaining exemplification than the recent indorsement of Neal Dow by the Democrats as a candidate for the Mayoralty of Portland, Me. He had previously received, as an appropriate valentine on the 14th of February, the nomination to that office by the Prohibition party; but he was particularly pleased at what was practically a nomination by those he has in times past bitterly assailed as "Rum Democrats." Now the octogenarian apostle of cold water has trained his double-barreled nomination on his ex-allies, and is making, what he promised at the outset it should be, "an interesting campaign." Rum and Republicans are the alliterative bull's-eyes of his political target practice; for it is a fact, as we are informed, that of more than two hundred liquor-sellers in Portland, only one is a Democrat, while those men who more or less openly defy the "Maine Law"—which is chiefly the work of Republicans—are protected by the party in power. This anomalous condition of affairs would speedily develop into a monkey and parrot *divertissement* if, by any possibility, Neal Dow could be elected, and supported by a city government in harmony with his extreme views. Then would the grand aggregation of "sumptuary" laws be rigidly enforced, and the present farce would undergo transformation into a tragedy, if it were found necessary—as it was once before on a memorable occasion when Neal Dow was Mayor—to call out troops to enforce his orders.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

ITS CAUSES, ITS PROGRESS AND ITS PROSPECTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 24th.

WHAT are the causes of the industrial activity which the last few years have developed in the South? Is the question which, in behalf of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, I have this week asked five prominent United States Senators in Washington. The opinions are so varied that it is impossible to formulate the average conclusion as the result of the expressions; the only possible way is to print them as they stand, and let the reader analyze and compare to suit himself.

SENATOR KENNA'S VIEWS.

Senator Kenna was seen at his residence on Capitol Hill, and asked concerning new industrial schemes in West Virginia.

"The State I in part represent," he said, "is so located on the frontier, with Mason and Dixon's celebrated invisible line running right through it, that it has all the advantages that industrial contagion gives, and partakes of the enterprising impulses of both South and North. Our industries have been modified somewhat since the war, what with iron and coal mining, oil and natural gas. Before 1860 we had only two concerns shipping coal, and there were about forty salt furnaces. Now there are two salt furnaces and about forty concerns shipping coal. We have also one thriving iron establishment."

"Is your enterprise native, Senator?"

"A good deal of it, yes. A good many prospectors and managers have come over from the adjoining mines of Pennsylvania, and it would probably be fair to say that our enterprises and capital—our schemes and schemers—are about half a West Virginian product and about half from adjoining States."

"What about the prospects ahead?"

"It seems to me," said Senator Kenna, "that the forces now in active operation in the Southern States must go on developing till they take possession of all that region. We have an abundance of coal and iron, of cotton and other textiles, of railroads and rivers solving the problem of transportation, and the time is soon coming when the South will manufacture all of its fabrics and many of its machines, and export a vast product for the use of less favored nations."

SENATOR HARRIS ON THE SITUATION.

Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, has just bought a handsome bay-front residence on Capitol Hill, and there I found him at half-past eight in the morning, reading the papers.

"The industrial development of the South is mainly due to our own people," he said, in answer to my question. "Some experienced miners and manufacturers have been hired from the North, but at least four-fifths of our manufacturing enterprises are conducted by our own people, and even the expert workers who come down are rapidly becoming citizenized and identified with all our interests."

"There is another feature of this Southern growth that too little notice has been taken of," continued Governor Harris; "there are twice or thrice as many farmers going down there from the North and West as there are manufacturers. They sell their high-priced farms, in Ohio or Jersey, at \$25 or \$30 an acre, and come down to Tennessee and buy a dilapidated but equally promising farm at \$4 or \$5 an acre, and they bring their Yankee energy to bear in fertilizing and repairing it."

I inquired why the progress did not begin till after the war.

"We were slow before the war," he said, "because slow methods seemed to answer. We had hand-labor enough, and didn't see that improved machines would help us. Now you will find the latest agricultural implements on almost every good farm—on my plantation in Tennessee and my son's ranch in Texas—and they furnish no exception to the rule. On my plantation in Arkansas they use the improved methods less, because it is let out to small colored tenants, and they raise cotton exclusively. A good many Northern people are going South, to Tennessee, at any rate, because they find there superior conditions inviting the industrious and thrifty. They are cordially welcome, and they generally make good citizens."

SENATOR INGALLS SPEAKS.

I called on Senator Ingalls, at his home on Capitol Hill, opposite the Senate Chamber, and asked him, as a fair representative of Northern opinion, if he would say what he considered the cause of the remarkable development of industry in the South. As he is one of the men who make it a duty to investigate every question in sociology and moral dynamics, of course this subject has not escaped him.

"My conclusion," he said, "formed from an extensive observation, is that the South is being changed by immigration and enterprise from the North, as Upper Italy was transformed by the Germans. It was not merely the virus of slavery that poisoned the South; it was also weakened and paralyzed by the infusion of tropical blood. It was the Celt, quite as much as the African, that ailed the South before the war, making the people sluggish and sleepy. Dominant and masterful vices live and develop, in our own age, at any rate, between certain isothermal lines. In a given zone the inhabitants are flaccid and inert; in another, the snow zone, they are hardy and active and industrious. Is it Lecky or Buckle who says, 'Give me a handful of sand, from any spot of earth, the mean temperature and the dew-point, and I will tell you what sort of people will grow there?' The Celts infected the South through Maryland, the Carolinas, Florida, Louisiana and Arkansas, and the inoculation filled our Southern brethren with a desire to go to sleep."

"You assume, Senator," I said, "that the recent industrial progress is owing to the invasion of the South by Northern people?"

"Yes," he said, "mainly. A good many staid there, stranded by the war. A good many went during the so-called carpet-bag régime. A good many, attracted by acquisitiveness and opportunities to speculate, have gone within the last few years. Some have been there so long, that the place of their origin has been lost sight of, and their neighbors suppose they always lived there. Some have intermarried and left the beneficent infusion—the blood of a Puritan under the skin of a Cavalier. The industrial edict seems to have gone forth that the Yankees shall inherit the earth—at any rate, this hemisphere. Weaker races, timider races, lazier races, must get out of the way. One Yankee, wherever he stands, is a majority. A few Yankees have gone to the Gulf States, and they have carried millions of money, and they have opened the mines and sown factories along the hitherto unfettered streams. If they had staid at home, the lazy old times in Alabama would have been continued indefinitely, Birmingham would be unborn, and there it would still be as Randolph said it was in Virginia when they chased a stump-tailed steer through the sage patches to get a tough beefsteak; when the overseer skinned the nigger, the nigger skinned the land, and they all grew poor together."

(Continued on Page 36.)

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 38



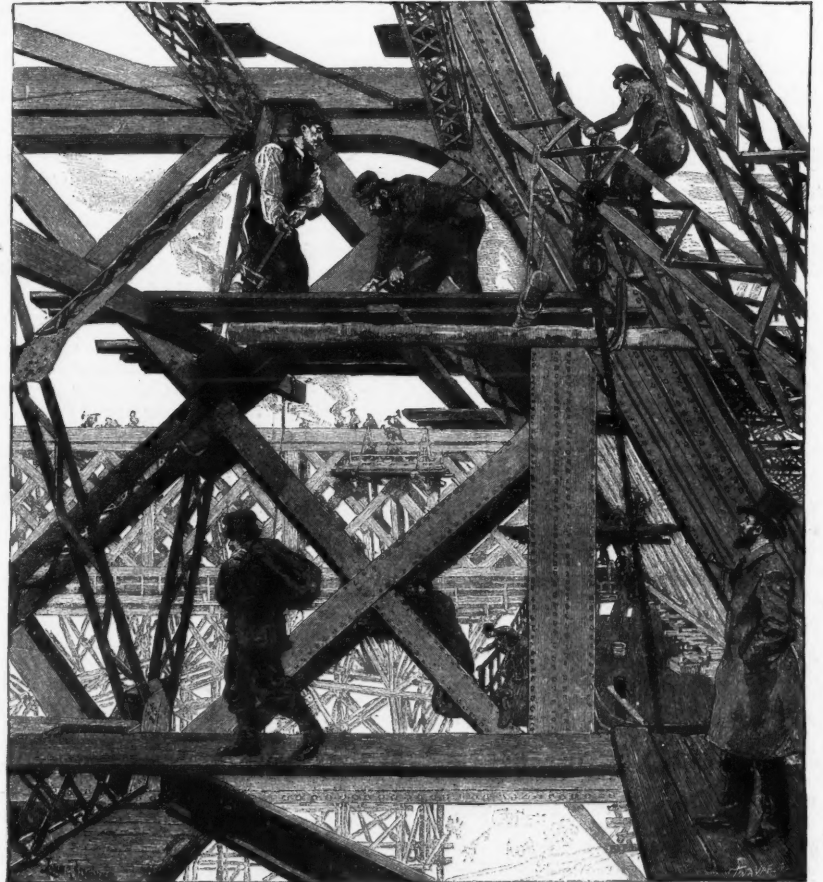
ITALY.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW HUMBERT HOSPITAL, AT ROME.



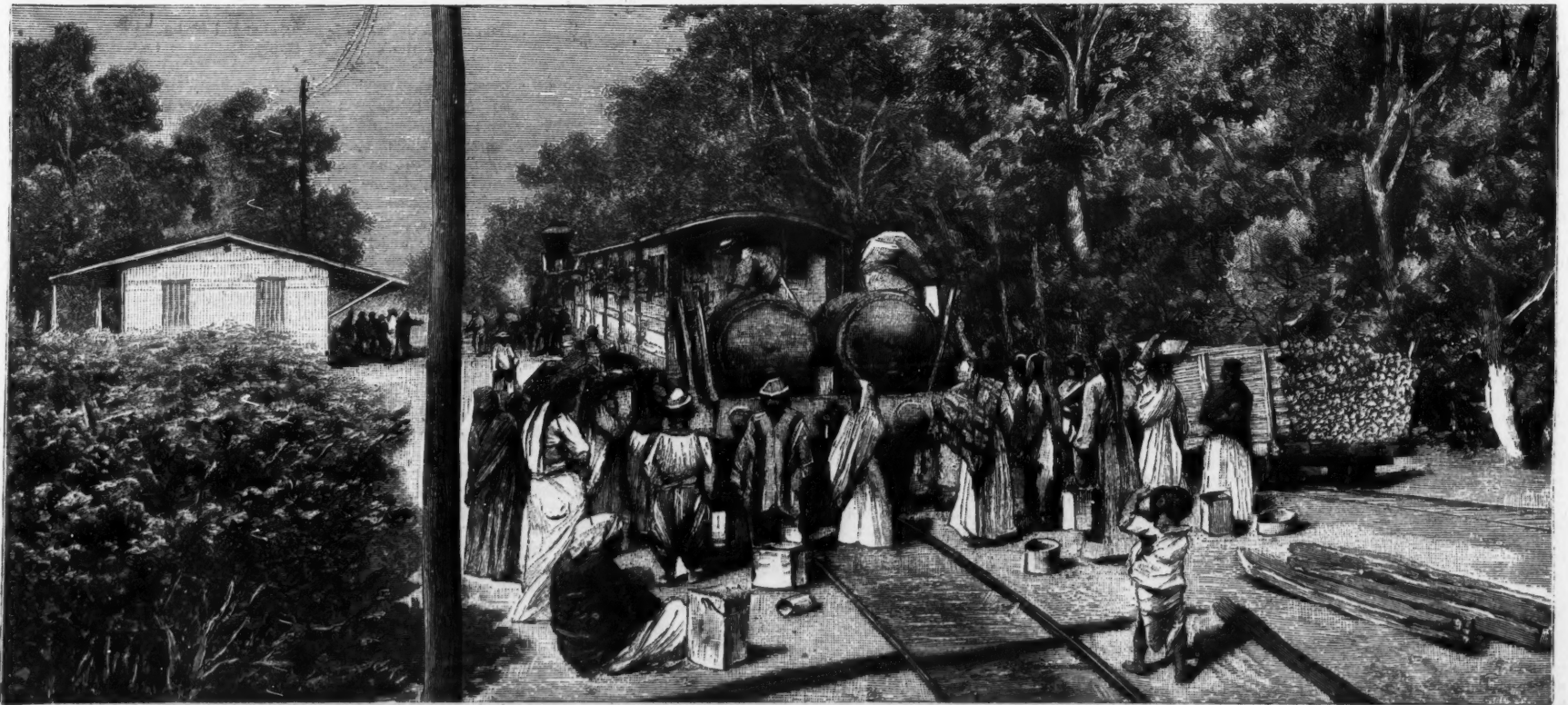
SCANDINAVIA.—SOPHIA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



FRANCE.—MEETING OF M. FLOQUET AND M. DE MOHRENHEIM, THE RUSSIAN-AMBASSADOR, AT THE RECEPTION OF THE MINISTRY OF COMMERCE, PARIS.



FRANCE.—PROGRESS OF WORK ON THE EIFFEL TOWER, FIFTY METERS ABOVE THE GROUND.



ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—A RESERVOIR-TRAIN SUPPLYING WATER TO THE INHABITANTS OF AN INTERIOR DISTRICT OF THE PROVINCE OF BUENOS AYRES.



1. SURVEYING FOR A LOGGING RAILWAY. 2. BUILDING A RAILWAY. 3. LOADING UP.

LUMBERING IN THE NORTHWEST.—SCENES IN THE WHITE-PINE FORESTS ON THUNDER BAY, LAKE HURON.

FROM PHOTOS, BY CONRAD, OF REED CITY, MICHIGAN.—SEE PAGE 38.

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

O H, Bunnie, how could you? 'Twas awfully cruel,
And such an example to set!
For now every damsel of uncertain age
Will fish with a similar net.

We're far from upholding the recreant babe;
'Twas deucedly mean and unfair
To dye on the quiet his faded mustache,
Then twit you with bleaching your hair.

We own that the vampire who preyed on your youth,
And caused with such anguish to burn
The poor trusting heart you so guilelessly gave,
Deserved to be bled in return.

Your blighted affections you might have avenged
In truly romantic affray,
If coffee and pistols you'd ordered for two,
And settled it à la Française.

But, oh! when you brought in that horrible suit,
To picture our horror, words fail;
In bachelor quarters we followed the trial,
And greeted its end with a wail.

If only the guilty could suffer alone,
Then never a word would we say,
But bachelor freedom was killed at one blow
When Baby was ordered to pay.

Those ninety odd letters, which won you the case,
Just settled the business for us:
We'll never dare write any more *billetts doux*,
For fear we shall get in a muss.

A man hesitates to send H's and K's,
Or terms of endearment address,
To one who may possibly salt them all down
Inside of a love-letter press.

For now you have made a successful *début*,
These cases will be all the style,
And sensible virgins will carefully keep
Their tender epistles on file.

We know Baby Bunting was, during his youth,
Wrapped up in a soft rabbit-skin,
And this may account for the ease, Bunnie dear,
With which you roped poor Baby in.

Ah, well, we old bachelors a lesson have learned—
Thanks to the bad Baby and you;
We'll stop and reflect o'er the *pros* and the *cons*,
Ere risking the plea K. M. Q.

B. L. L.

A DREAM FACE.

By R. N. STEPHENS.

A PHOTOGRAPH that I lost some time ago,
and have just found beneath a pile of letters, brings back the memory of a certain rainy night seven years ago.

At a few minutes after twelve on that night, which preceded the morning of February 2d, 1881, the streets of New York were deserted, and nothing was audible except the fall of water, steady and monotonous. It was then that I fell asleep, sitting in my chair, and the book that I had been reading—a fanciful work on psychological phenomena—dropped to the floor. I was alone in my room—the fourth floor, front, of a lodging-house on Twenty-third Street. I remember relapsing into a passive state, permitting my head to fall backward, allowing myself to fancy that the gaslight had expanded until it filled my vision, and finally closing my eyes. When my mind was again the receptacle of impressions, it was in what, for want of any other term, I must call a dream.

I seemed to be in Paris. I had gotten there in dream fashion, without knowing how. What evidence informed me that the place was Paris I cannot say.

I had never yet been abroad, yet of my *locale* I was mentally convinced. It was night, it was raining, and I was solitary in a lonely street. Houses frowned on both sides of the way. The sky was black, and there was no living being in sight. I did not seem to have a physical being; only a consciousness and the sense of sight and a vague terror. I seemed to be crouching somewhere, as if to avoid the sensation of a presence behind me. I did not realize the power to act or move; only to perceive.

Some yards away a gaslight shed a spectral yellow glow upon the wet pavement. A rod or so distant its rays feebly surrendered to the darkness, I concentrated my gaze upon this illumined space. It was light in darkness, but it was mournful. In the solitude it held my eyes as if it were something of fascination.

I do not know how long my dream remained, as it were, stationary; how long it left me crouching in the shadow, watching the flickering gaslight.

Suddenly I was not alone. Some one had entered the circle of light. A man, tall, muffled, hurrying. His hat was pulled down over his eyes, his topcoat-collar turned up to his ears. He was well dressed. I never clearly saw his face.

There was a rustling sound in the direction opposite to that from which this pedestrian came. Another figure became visible. The two persons within the circle of light were approaching each other.

The second comer was a woman. She wore a heavy cloak and a veil. She moved rapidly. The two figures met under the gaslight. They were face to face.

The woman stopped. The man started back a step, uttering an exclamation. Then he stood still. The woman drew her hand from its shelter beneath her cloak. Something was clasped in her fingers—something small, that glistened in the yellow gaslight. There was a flash of fire, a sharp report, and smoke rose in the air.

The man lay on the pavement, rain wetting his face, a tiny red stream running from his breast. The dim light enwrapped his prostrate body in a sort of mist.

The woman stood looking down at him, the revolver still smoking in her hand. She raised her head and I saw her face.

It was such a striking face, so beautiful, so pale and horrified, that I shall ever be able to recall it at will, as it appeared to my vision then.

A few seconds passed. Then all became dim, the picture faded, first the dark street, then the dead body, the gaslight last of all.

Rising above the pistol-smoke, white against the night, her face!

I came to myself—I dare not say I awoke—trembling. It was still raining without, and the clocks of New York were striking one. All through the night, as I tried to sleep, I was haunted by a woman's face, which stood before me in bold, regular outlines, perfectly still.

Six months after that night I was looking over some back numbers of Parisian newspapers, when my eyes fell by chance on a few lines relating that early on that morning an unknown man, probably English or American, had been found dead, in a street whose name I have strangely forgotten, shot in the heart with a pistol-bullet.

I looked at the date of the paper. It was February 2d, 1881.

A curious coincidence, I thought to myself. But the time has come when coincidences no longer startle.

"There she is! See—with the orange-colored tights."

The orchestra struck up a lively, elusive air, as she danced to the front of the stage. She sang her ballad in a light but pleasing voice. There was a daintiness in her smile, a refined grace in her movements, that caught the attention even of the *blancs*.

I had dropped in to see an act of the new burlesque at the Theatre, Chesley, a journalistic friend of mine, was among the throng of lobby-loungers waiting for the curtain to rise on the second act. He had been entertaining me with an account of the charms of a newcomer to New York, an English girl, who played the part of a courtesan. It was she of the orange-colored tights.

"Rather pretty; I like her style," I said, joining in the applause that demanded a repetition of her number.

"Pretty! Is that all?" remonstrated Chesley.

"Look closer, and you'll call her a beauty."

She was smiling and bowing, and preparing to sing again. The lights were lowered, and the glare of the calcium was turned full upon her.

"Say, old man, do you know it seems to me, I don't know why or how, but, by Jove! she reminds me of some one. Who is she, anyhow?"

"The programme calls her Genevieve Royal," replied Chesley; "she's really Louise Evan. I knew her in London."

"To be sure. You know everybody. How old is she?"

"About thirty. She's a charming woman off the stage."

"I've no doubt. She looks seventeen just now. Is she married?"

"No. There used to be a rumor that she was somebody or other's wife, but I fancy it was only a rumor."

"I should like to meet her."

"Nothing easier. Come with me after the play. I'm to meet her at her rooms."

"But that is hardly—"

"Oh, she's perfectly unconventional. And she knows so few people in New York, you know, that she'll be glad to see you. You'll remember the interview all the rest of your life."

How strange! He spoke the truth. I shall never forget the few minutes of our first and last meeting.

"Genevieve Royal." The name is not forgotten yet. Everybody about town remembers her triumph of "one night only" in that burlesque a few months ago. Her pictures are still in some of the shop-windows—pictures of the charming courtesan, with a smile on her face, her arms extended in the attitude of the dancer, her lips half opened, and her head thrown aside in haughty abandon.

Chesley was right. She pardoned his liberty in introducing a stranger, when, two hours later, she welcomed us into her cozy sitting-room in an up-town hotel. A fire burned in the grate. The gaslights shone softly, their radiance subdued by soft-hued shades. Heavy curtains fell before the window. There was an inviting air of quietude and repose about the place. She wore a wrapper of soft, clinging stuff. She smiled as she greeted us, and held out her hand. It lay in mine for an instant—soft and warm.

"Yes, now I may relax," she said, in reply to a remark of Chesley's. Then to me: "This hour after the play at night is the only one out of the twenty-four that my conscience allows me to call my own, you know."

"Then a professional breaker of hearts really has a conscience now and then?" Chesley ventured.

She laughed softly. She had thrown a heavy cloak carelessly over a chair, and sat leaning languidly back against it. Then I noticed how dark her eyes were, for the first time.

"Well, perhaps not," she replied. "My health, then, limits me to this little hour. I have an astonishing antipathy to dying, you know."

"Curious coincidence. So have I," Chesley said. "Don't talk of dying. It's a gloomy subject."

"Yes! Suppose we wash away all knowledge of it in a glass of wine!"

She rose and passed into the next room. She returned carrying a tray on which were glasses and a bottle.

"Allow me," I begged, rising.

"No; let me show how gracefully I can do the honors," she said, lightly.

She filled a glass and gave it to me, a smile on her lips. When she had poured out wine for Chesley and herself, she stood still in the centre of the room, holding her glass aloft.

"The light is rather dim, don't you think? Will you turn up the gas?"

Chesley endeavored to obey. Instead of turning up the gas, he turned it down, by accident.

The curtains at the window were drawn partly aside, and moonlight streamed in. It touched the woman's face with its yellow glow.

"Great heavens!"

It was I who spoke, in a loud whisper, uttering the exclamation before I knew what I was doing.

The silence of surprise that followed was broken by Chesley.

"What is the matter?"

The woman looked at me with an expression of dazed inquiry.

"Wait!" I cried, my eyes fixed on hers. "Stand there again—as you did before, perfectly still—let the light fall on your face—the moonlight, I mean—so. That's it. I have seen your face before!"

"What do you mean?"

There was less of surprise than of vague alarm in her tone.

"Listen," I went on, as if under the control of a will other than my own. "I will tell you. Chesley, I swear I am right. I have seen you, Genevieve Royal, or whoever you are, and this is where and when. In Paris—"

She trembled. The wineglass was still in her hand.

"In a lonely street while a rain was falling—"

"Well, well?"

"Under a gaslight—"

"Under a gaslight," she repeated, mechanically.

"On the night before the 2d of February, 1881! And the—"

The shriek that followed drowned my voice. It rings in my ears now. The woman staggered back, motioning me away.

"And the man!" I cried; "the man who was lying there silent on the ground! Tell me, what of the man?"

She fell back to the window. She leaned there panting. Moonlight bathed her beautiful face, white and agonized. In gasps she spoke.

"The man! He deserted me, and I was driven mad. I—killed him—and you have hunted me down! That is all!"

She raised the wineglass to her lips, and drained it to the last drop. The glass fell from her hand. She tried to smile, uttered a sigh of weariness, became faint, raised her hand to her heart, hummed a few notes of her song in the burlesque, and sank to the floor, catching at the curtains for support.

"She has fainted," I whispered.

"Yes," Chesley answered. "Her old trouble, something about her heart. She must have air. Open the window."

I turned up the gas. Chesley bent over her. I hurried after him to open the window. He motioned me back.

"What is it?" I asked.

"She is dead!"

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A NEW ROMAN MEDICAL INSTITUTION.

KING HUMBERT recently laid the corner-stone of a new medical and surgical clinic institution, to be built in Rome, near the Porta Pia. Our picture gives a general view of the ceremony, including the royal pavilion. The institution, which will be known as the *Policlinico Umberto I.*, typifies the progressive modern spirit of Rome, as capital of Italy.

QUEEN SOPHIA OF SWEDEN.

We give an interesting portrait of the Queen of Sweden and Norway, who is at present in England with Prince Oscar, her second son, and his bride-elect, Miss Ebba Munck. Queen Sophia Wilhelmina Mariana Henrietta is a daughter of the late Duke William of Nassau. She was born in 1836, and married to the present King Oscar II. in 1857.

RUSSIA AND M. FLOQUET.

At a state dinner recently given at the Ministry of Commerce, Paris, Baron Mohrenheim, the Russian Ambassador, sought and obtained an introduction to M. Floquet, the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies. A cordial interview ensued, and the Ambassador accepted an invitation to dine with M. and Mme. Floquet at their home. The significance of this incident, marking as it does a reconciliation between the French statesman and the Czar's Government, is notable, at a time when a Franco-Russian war alliance is regarded as desirable and almost inevitable. The offense of M. Floquet, who has been an ardent Republican from his youth up, consisted in crying, "Long live Poland, monsieur!" to the Czar Alexander II., when that ruler visited Paris in 1867; and the remembrance of this affront has stood in the way of M. Floquet's becoming not only Premier, but, it may safely be said, President of the Republic. Now that he has been publicly forgiven, there is nothing to prevent the formation of a Floquet Cabinet, with Boulanger back in the War Office again.

THE EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS.

Notwithstanding some reports to the contrary, work is progressing rapidly upon M. Eiffel's wonderful iron tower, or observatory, which is to dominate the Exposition grounds and all Paris next year. According to the plans, it is to reach a height of 300 meters, equal to about 1,000 feet. The four mighty arched pillars of the base, rising over the Champ de Mars like the skeleton of some extinct monster, have already nearly reached the height of the towers of Notre Dame; and our picture shows workmen on the scaffolding at a height of nearly 200 feet above the ground.

A SOUTH AMERICAN WATER-TRAIN.

Vast tracts of that region of the Buenos Ayres Province of the Argentine Republic lying to the south and west of the River La Plata are devoid of streams; and in some places the pampas are mere deserts, dotted with lakes of salt or brackish water. On the railway penetrating the country in a north-westerly direction from the City of Buenos Ayres, regular reservoir-trains are run; and in the dry season the inhabitants crowd about the stations to receive, not their daily bread, but their daily water. This process of human irrigation is illustrated in our engraving.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

(Continued from Page 35.)

Wherever he goes, the Yankee is an industrial revolutionist."

VIEWS OF SENATOR BUTLER.

Senator Butler responded to my card, and came into the Marble Room where visitors wait while the Senate is in session and get audiences when the Senator whom they seek is at once disengaged and good-natured. I told him what I wanted to know.

"In my State," he said, "there has been tremendous progress since the war. The total product of South Carolina last year was \$101,682,530, while the entire assessed value of all its property, real and personal, was \$140,939,762. Its manufactured products nearly doubled in seven years, rising from \$16,738,008 in 1880 to \$31,975,103 in 1887. Next year the manufactures of South Carolina will be pretty nearly equal in market value to all the crops of the State, including cotton and rice. There are 30 cotton factories in the State, against 14 in 1880, and 44 iron foundries now, against 14 in 1880. In the State there has been an increase, in seven years, of 1,193 factories of all kinds, and they employ more than twice the hands and turn out double the product. During the last two years 176 miles of railroad have been built in my State, at a cost of about \$1,000,000. This has mostly been Northern money, but the manufactures have been generally supported by local capital. The earnings of our roads are more than fifty per cent. greater than in 1880. The acreage of cotton in my State is three times greater than in 1870, and now accounts for half of the agricultural revenue. But it is expensive, as this table shows:

Cotton pays.....	\$15 per acre.
Hay pays.....	19 "
Sorghum pays.....	29 "
Sweet potatoes pay.....	36 "
Irish potatoes pay.....	71 "

Our product of phosphates is also greatly increasing, and great attention is now paid to the live-stock business. We grow the finest of Jerseys, short-horns, Holsteins, and other fancy breeds, and the improvement of our herds is rapid."

SENATOR MORGAN ON ALABAMA'S PROGRESS.

"Can you tell me," I said to Senator Morgan, of Alabama, as we sat in his library on Capitol Hill, "what is the cause of the sudden impulse which industry has taken during the last five years in the Gulf States?"

"I know of no such impulse," he said. "I have heard it talked about, and speculated on, and wonderful stories told about it, but I do not know of any sudden impulse which has sprung up in the South. That there has been progress, and tremendous progress, of course, I know, in my State and in other States, and great results in the future may be predicated on it, but I emphatically deny that it is a new thing, a recent creation, for which recondite causes are to be sought."

"Birmingham, for instance," I hinted.

"Yes, and Sheffield, both in Alabama, and good illustrations. They would both have become established as great manufacturing centres twenty years ago if it hadn't been for the war. Before 1860 this wonderful development had begun. The mineral wealth of the South was about as well known as it is to-day. Blast furnaces and iron foundries had already been opened in my State, and a big cotton factory had been built—not by Yankees, sir, but by Southerners."

"Our system of labor, it must be admitted, or claimed, or whatever you choose to call it, was not especially adapted to the multiplication of factories, but they were increasing in spite of obstacles, and in many instances slaves became experts. I remember more than one negro puddler who couldn't have been bought for \$5,000. Our people had saved from plantation profits a great sum of money, as their expenditures during the war proved, and this they were ready to put into manufacturing."

"Well, the war came, with its desolations. For five years all enterprises were suspended. Alabama had a debt of \$5,000,000, mostly held in Europe, and on this we paid the interest in full in coin, and a part of the principal, as the Civil War proceeded. At its close we were very poor, but our bonded debt was actually reduced. Then came that horde of Huns—the carpet-baggers. They seized the State, overran the Legislature, and passed laws that increased our debt to \$31,000,000 in five years."

"The Industrial Progress in capital letters that people talk so much about is only a normal continuation of the manufacturing begun before the war. It merely indicates that we have got rid of the thieves, shaken ourselves together, and got our grip again—that's all. There is nothing novel, and certainly nothing mysterious, about it."

"Does this enterprise come mostly from the North?" I asked.

"No, a very small per cent. of it. It is Southern capitalists and Southern capital that have built our new railroads and still manage all that are successful. Northern men came down, generally, only to wreck them—to squeeze the lifeblood out of them and fly. So of Birmingham and Sheffield. I know every man who was prominent and potent in their organization, and there was not a Northern man among them all—much less a 'Yankee.' Of course there is some Northern capital there now, just as there is some German capital in Chicago and St. Paul, and for the same reason—it was brought there by speculators after the men of the Gulf States had made the region attractive. The one railroad that made Birmingham possible was organized, built and managed by our own people, as have been nine out of ten of those other railroads that have opened up new regions there and stimulated mining and manufactures where before there was no outlet for either."

"So far as the present industrial prosperity had a special cause, then, it is in the new railroads; and the new railroads were projected by Southern enterprise and constructed with Southern money."

W. A. CROFFUT.

A MICHIGAN LOG-RAILWAY.

IN the heart of the great Alger pine track, on the shores of Lake Huron, near Thunder Bay, Mich., the photographs were taken from which we illustrate a typical log-railway, and other lumbering scenes in the Northwestern forest. Where there are lakes with good-sized outlets, the

logs, which lumbermen are engaged in cutting all the year round, are rolled thither, to be rafted away in the Summer season. The bulk of the transportation, however, is done by means of railway lines surveyed, constructed and run for scores of miles through the heart of the dense woods. In tracts where sufficient capital is invested steel tracks are laid; but wooden-railed roads are more common. In the Alger tract, however, there are over thirty-five miles of steel tracks, and the log-hauling is done with four large engines and 125 flat cars. Two men will fell 100 trees, or some 70,000 feet of lumber, in a day; and there are sixteen sawyers who fell an average of 400,000 feet daily. These are the magnificent white-pine logs from which are made some of the tallest, straightest and most enduring masts of the world's shipping. It is interesting to note that several of the regular lines of railway which now cross the State of Michigan from Detroit to Grand Haven are developed from former pioneer log-railways pushed through the forests to facilitate lumbering.

A BATTLE MONUMENT.

THE illustration of the monument presented herewith was photographed from the design furnished the "Ninth Regiment Gettysburg Bat-

1888. It was the original intention to dedicate on July 1st, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle, but the day falling on Sunday, the dedication will take place the day previous. The regiment was known in the War Department as "Ninth New York State Militia, Eighty-third New York Volunteers," and all orders were read on parade with the double appellation.

WINTER IN FLORIDA.

IT is balmy February, and the children, tired of gathering flowers, have seated themselves, and are at play in the sand, shaded from the sun by the luxuriant foliage of a grove. This sounds strange to Northern ears; but it is true to nature in Florida, where the scene of the artist's charming study of child-life is laid. The children are negroes, with one exception, and this exception apparently wishes, for the time being, that she were not such. She is out for a walk with her old colored "mammy." There are few playmates of her own color and condition, and the dainty, starched finery in which she has been arrayed by her fond parents forbids the thought of a good romp on the sands. Yet that is just what she would like, as the little colored girls invite her with the familiar ease of democratic childhood.

The children of ex-slaves here are more free than the fair blue-eyed little lady of the mansion.

THE TORNADO AT MOUNT VERNON, ILLINOIS.

A LITTLE after four o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, February 19th, a dark, ominous-looking cloud fell suddenly from a stormy sky, and descended upon the town of Mount Vernon, a place of 4,000 inhabitants, and the county seat of Jefferson County, Ill. The falling cloud brought with it one of the most fearful tornadoes ever known in the West. Darkening the air like midnight, it swept through the doomed town with an awful roar, tearing, crushing and carrying away everything in its path. The "cushion" of air pushed on in advance of the cloud, burst in doors, windows and roofs with instantaneous, irresistible force, and the roaring storm-funnel completed the work of demolition. Scarcely was the brief fury of the storm passed, when smoke and flames, bursting out from the broad track of ruin left behind, threatened the added horrors of a conflagration ere the dead and wounded could be extricated from the shattered wrecks of their homes. Fortunately, there were brave firemen and citizens who promptly rallied to meet the terrible emergency. They fought the fire for hours; and, although some buildings were burned, the flames were in all cases prevented from spreading to where the most heartrending work of rescuing the injured and taking out the dead was in progress. All night long, by the glare of the fire-light, the searchers toiled among the ruins, until, when morning dawned, thirty-two dead bodies and over a hundred injured persons had been laid out in the improvised morgues, or cared for in the dwellings which had escaped destruction. Imagination cannot picture the scene of devastation outspread in the track of the tornado. Roofs, timbers, bricks, masonry, trees, fences, wagons and utensils, all splintered, twisted and jammed together, strewed what had been the streets and sites of buildings in the western and southern portions of the town. The tornado struck the southwestern end, shattering everything in its path, taking a diagonal course through the business part of the town, unroofing and dismantling the Supreme Court building, near the Louisville and Nashville depot, and skipping along to the Methodist and Baptist churches, which were laid in ruins. The wave made for 600 yards a clean swath, tearing down fences and trees, piling up the debris on either side, and leaving only naked fence-posts and foundation-walls to mark the sites of residences. There still remain, on either side of the path, dismantled outhouses half-buried with other roofs. The streets were filled with the debris of the business houses of Bunton and Washington Streets, along the eastern side of which not one house remains standing, or even partially preserved; they were crushed and twisted into useless masses, the roofs carried away, and the fronts and rears knocked out. Several brick blocks of three stories gave an air of substantiality to these streets, but the tornado ground the walls to a level, and the furnaces set fire to the woodwork and destroyed the last plank.

During the ten days that have elapsed since the disaster, however, energetic work has cleared away most of the wreckage, and shanties have been erected to serve as storerooms for the merchants who have suffered the loss of their business houses that were once the pride of the city. Every available workman in the city is busy repairing damages. The entire force of the Louisville and Nashville machine-shops has been put to work in various parts of the town. Many people from all parts of the surrounding States have visited Mount Vernon,

while subscriptions and supplies have poured in to alleviate the distress of the inhabitants.

U. S. POST-GRADUATE ENGINEERING SCHOOL AT WILLETTS POINT.

ON page 45 appear a series of sketches illustrating the practical work of students of the Government post-graduate school for army engineers, established at Willett's Point, New York Harbor. The head of this school is Major King, United States Engineers, a popular and thoroughly capable officer, with a special genius for physical science and research. The wonderful electro-magnet devised and constructed by him was illustrated and described in this journal last week.

Most of the embryo engineers at this school are West Point graduates. They have the benefit of practical training in the arts of scientific warfare, under experienced instructors, here at the Point, which is a repository for many of the most novel and valuable appliances owned by the Government. On the extensive grounds are carefully constructed models of the principal fortifications of the world, while the broad waters of Long Island Sound afford unlimited facilities for torpedo practice, and the innumerable operations connected with marine warfare and coast defense. Electricity naturally plays the leading part in these experimental tactics, and the best instruments that modern science has evolved are at the disposal of the students. Torpedo-construction and mining form an important branch of instruction, as the pictures show. Field photography is taught and practiced to perfection; indeed, we are indebted to it for some of our illustrations. The school at Willett's Point pursues its industrious course with very little publicity, yet no place in the vicinity of New York offers more features of interest to the visitor than this training-ground of the men who in the near future are to build our great railroads and bridges, dig our canals, improve our rivers and seaports, blow up our enemies when they attack us, and construct our sea-coast defenses, if we ever have any.

HON. CHARLES S. CARY,

NEW SOLICITOR OF THE U. S. TREASURY.

HON. CHARLES S. CARY, who was last week appointed Solicitor of the United States Treasury, in place of Judge Alexander McCue, promoted to be Assistant Treasurer, is a resident of Olean, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., where he has resided thirty-seven years, pursuing the practice of the law. Mr. Cary was born at Arkport, N. Y., sixty years ago. He is a tall, portly man, with a pleasant face, which is adorned with a brown mustache, slightly tinged with gray. He is said to resemble President Cleveland in several respects. He is slow and always calm in his manner and conversation, but is easily approached, and makes friends readily. His experience in the law has been large, and he is considered the leading attorney in Western New York, and is well qualified to assume and conduct the responsible affairs of his new position.

Mr. Cary is not a wealthy man, but by careful management he has accumulated a moderate fortune. In his section of the State he has been for many years a leader of the Democratic party. He has been a Member of the State Committee, and in 1882 was elected Member of Assembly. While at Albany he was the leader of the Democratic side of the house, and became the close friend of Governor Cleveland. It was at that time that he was dubbed "Bossom Friend Cary," on account of his intimacy with the Governor. Several years ago he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by the late Hon. H. J. Horton. In 1883 he was a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, but was defeated by Judge Thomas Corlett, although he ran far ahead of his ticket in a strong Republican district. The only national position ever filled by him was that of Railroad-Commissioner to inspect the Union Pacific Railroad; and the only peculiarity about the new Solicitor is his handwriting, which is something that will test the highest skill of his clerks and all others who attempt to decipher it. It is claimed that no other man in the United States writes a similar hand.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

COLLECTOR MAGONE'S investigation of opium frauds at the Port of New York has so far revealed fraudulent exportations amounting to \$1,300,000.

THE Grant Monument Committee of New York now has on deposit \$126,162.39. The contributions of the last year aggregated about \$10,000.

THE library of Professor von Ranke, the German historian, which numbers some 50,000 volumes, has been secured for the Syracuse (N. Y.) University, of the Methodist Church.

THE United States Senate has passed the Bill to provide for an international marine conference for securing greater safety for life and property at sea, and its passage by both Houses of Congress is considered probable.

THE emigration from Ireland to the United States during the coming Spring promises to eclipse that of previous years. Already a large number of emigrants have secured passage on the various transatlantic liners, and to meet the exigencies of the busy season two new Atlantic companies have announced their intention of sending a fleet of steamers to call at Queenstown from Liverpool to embark passengers for America on and after the 20th of March, when no less than ten transatlantic steamships will sail each week from Queenstown for the United States.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 18TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Daniel P. Barnard, the oldest practicing lawyer in that city, aged 76 years; in Boston, Mass., J. B. Whitmore, an early abolitionist of some note, aged 63 years. FEBRUARY 19TH.—In Hamilton, N. Y., Prof. Walter R. Brooks, D. D. FEBRUARY 20TH.—In Philadelphia, Pa., William M. Gatchell, of New York, aged 53 years. FEBRUARY 21ST.—In Providence, R. I., George H. Corliss, the engine-builder, aged 70 years; in Plainfield, N. J., Colonel Thomas Rafferty, of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers. FEBRUARY 22D.—In Pittsburg, Pa., William Chaslett, Manager of the Grand Opera House, aged 38 years. FEBRUARY 23D.—In New York, John E. Develin, the well-known lawyer and politician, aged 67 years; in Pittsburg, Pa., Albert Dilworth, the oil broker, aged 48 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE New Jersey Legislature has passed a combination high-license and local-option law.

THE British Government formally denies that it has made a treaty of alliance with Italy.

ON April 18th and 19th a second National Anti-saloon Republican Conference will be held in New York city.

THE Rhode Island Prohibitionists have nominated a full ticket for State officers, headed by George W. Gould for Governor.

MANY of the nail factories in Pennsylvania have stopped operations owing to the depressing effect of the Eastern nail combination on the market.

HEAVY snowstorms visited the North of England last week. Railroad traffic was interrupted, and farmsteads and thousands of sheep were buried in the snow.

THE United States Senate observed Washington's Birthday by listening to the reading, by the presiding officer, of the Farewell Address, and then adjourned for the day.

THE tendency of English opinion is to regard the new Fisheries Treaty as satisfactory, and there is a general wish to see it ratified. Compliments to Mr. Chamberlain rain from all quarters.

NEWS from Abyssinia is to the effect that the Italian forces have advanced to Ghinda, on the highlands, on the road to the headquarters of King John, and that they found the Abyssinian army had withdrawn into the interior.

REFERRING to the reports of a decrease in the production of wine in France, the Minister of Agriculture stated last week that the fact was just the opposite; the production is increasing annually, having last year reached 30,000,000 hectoliters.

THE Mississippi Legislature has passed a Bill to pay \$30 yearly pension to officers, soldiers and sailors, and their servants, who served in the Confederate Army from Mississippi, and who are now unable to labor because of injuries received in the service.

THE House of Representatives has refused—yeas, 129, nays, 128, not the necessary two-thirds in the affirmative—to pass the Senate joint resolution changing the date of inauguration day, and extending until April 30th, 1889, the term of the Fiftieth Congress.

EIGHT Bills for the erection of public buildings in various cities, and appropriating a total of \$1,262,000 therefor, passed the House of Representatives in one day, last week, and twenty-two other Bills have been reported which propose to give away \$2,745,000 more.

THE Democratic National Convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-president will be held at St. Louis, on June 5th. There was a sharp struggle between San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis and New York for the honor of entertaining the Convention, each city offering peculiar inducements, and it was not until the second day's session of the National Committee that a decision was reached.

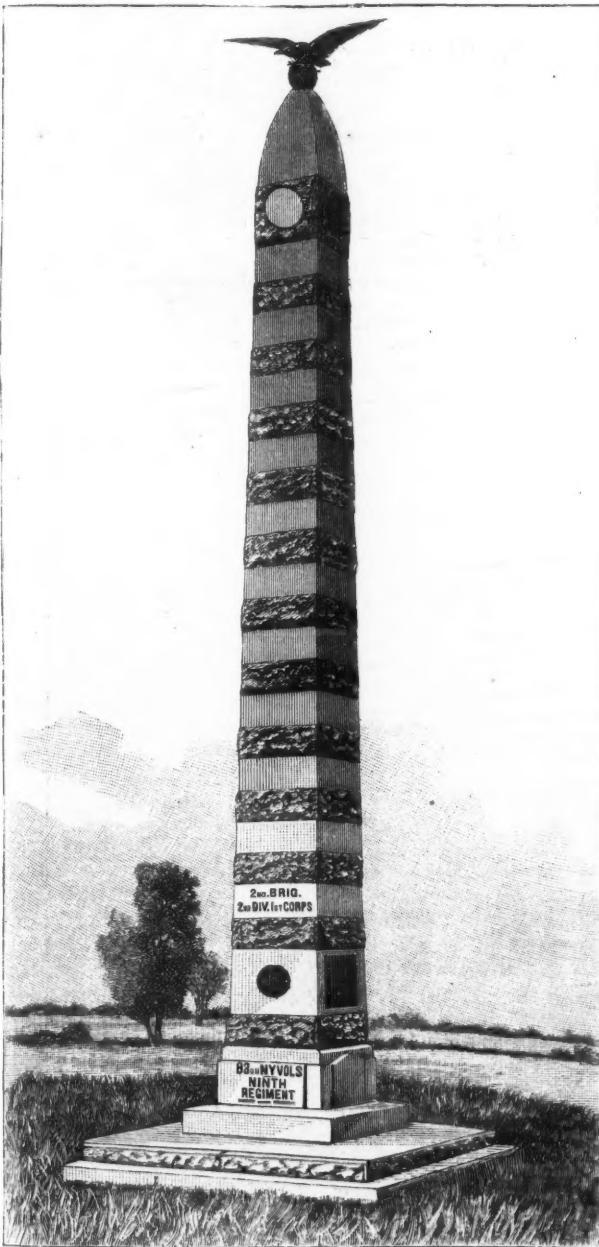
THE proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy, and conferring upon the National and State Governments concurrent power to enforce the law, has been favorably reported to the House of Representatives. So also has the Bill to admit to the military and naval service persons who served under the Confederate Government. In the United States Senate Mr. Platt has introduced a Bill to establish an experimental grass and forage-plant farm near the hundredth meridian.

ON Sunday of last week, Archdeacon Farrar, in his sermon at the ancient and famous Church of St. Margaret's, London, spoke with appreciation and eloquence of the beautiful Milton memorial window which the Hon. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has lately added to his previous public benefactions in England—the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, and the Herbert and Cowper window in Westminster Abbey. Milton was married at St. Margaret's, and his wife and infant daughter lie buried there. The memorial window is described as remarkable for its fullness of detail and richness of color.

A DELEGATION of prominent Venezuelan gentlemen has been sent here by their government to receive and escort back to their country the body of General José Antonio Páez, who died in 1873, and is buried in New York city. He was born and reared on the plains of his native country in South America. He came here as an exile in 1850, after the revolution of that period. He was then distinguished in a civic and military way, and this city, Philadelphia and Baltimore gave him welcome. President Fillmore also gave the exile a reception. He was three times President of Venezuela, and was honored by France and other foreign governments by decorations and otherwise. His military career was marked by many exciting incidents and conspicuous acts of bravery.

THE result of the recent election in West Southwark has greatly alarmed the British Tories. Southwark is one of the poorest and most densely populated quarters of London, on the Surrey side of the Thames, and in 1886 it was only held from the Tory landslide which swept away the most of the South London boroughs by the slender majority of 113. There were then some 2,000 abstentions, apparently about equally divided between the two parties. Now over 1,000 of these came out and voted, and all on the Gladstonian side. The Tories gain this year nine votes, the Liberals, 1,027. It is by long odds the most important by-election held since this Parliament was chosen, chiefly because it shows the workings of the leaven in the very heart of the metropolis, which has been the central stronghold of opposition to Gladstone.

RECENT speeches in the House of Commons show that British agriculture is greatly depressed. Mr. Chaplin, in a recent address on the subject, said that the loss by deficient agricultural values was estimated for the year 1885 at £42,800,000; it could not now be less than £50,000,000—an amount equal to a reduction of one-fourth in the export trade of the country. Many thousands of acres of land have gone out of cultivation, and there has been a concurrent decrease in cattle and sheep. Another effect of the depression was to increase the masses of the unemployed. Trustworthy estimates showed that 700,000 persons were idle owing to the paralysis of agriculture, while those who were employed were forced to work at greatly reduced wages. Lord John Manners, Vice-president of the Committee of Council on Agriculture, admitted the terrible condition of agriculture, but said the Government had no specific against the depression.

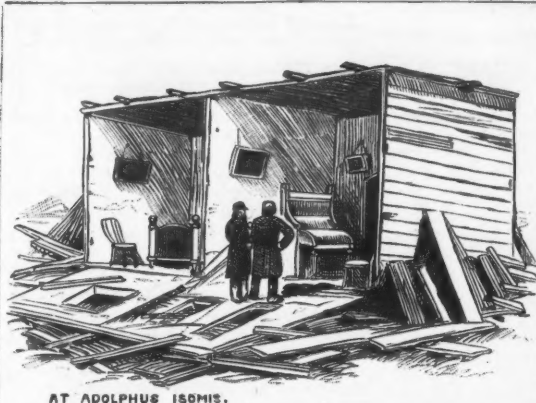


PENNSYLVANIA.—MONUMENT OF EIGHTY-THIRD NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, TO BE ERECTED AT GETTYSBURG.

field Monumental Fund" by the Smith Granite Company of Westbury, R. L., who were the successful competitors for the erection of the monument.

The monument will be 50 feet in height to top of eagle, cost \$6,000, and is composed of blue and pink shade of Westbury granite in alternate layers, the rough stone being pink and the smooth, blue. The eagle is of best bronze, measuring 6 feet from tip of beak. The stone at the bottom, with the words "Ninth Regiment," is 7 feet square. The bronze disk on the front will contain the State coat-of-arms, while the rear will contain the regimental badge, as well as a bronze plate with the words: "Volunteered April 19th, 1861; mustered in United States service June 8th, 1861; mustered out United States service June 23d, 1864." Then will follow details of officers and men mustered in, killed, wounded, promoted, discharged, etc. A bronze plate on one side will contain the following: "Engaged on this ground, July 1st, 1863, 1 p. m. to 4 p. m." Also the names of nine of the 18 battles in which the regiment was engaged, viz.: "Harper's Ferry, Va.; Cedar Mountain, Va.; Rappahannock, Va.; Thoroughfare Gap, Va.; Second Bull Run, Va.; Chantilly, Va.; South Mountain, Md.; Antietam, Md.; Fredericksburg, Va." The other side will contain the inscription: "July 2d and 3d, 1863, at Zeigler's Grove; also supported batteries with Second, Third, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps." Also the remainder of the battles, viz.: "Fitzhugh Crossing, Va.; Chancellorsville, Va.; Gettysburg, Pa.; Mine Run, Va.; Wilderness, Va.; Laurel Hill, Va.; Spottsylvania, Va.; North Anna River, Va.; Cold Harbor, Va." The corps badge appears hammered in the surface of rough pink-shade stone on four sides of the shaft, giving the appearance at a distance of a white moon, which was the symbol of the Second Division of the First Corps.

The monument will be dedicated June 30th,



AT ADOLPHUS ISCHIS.



COURT HOUSE



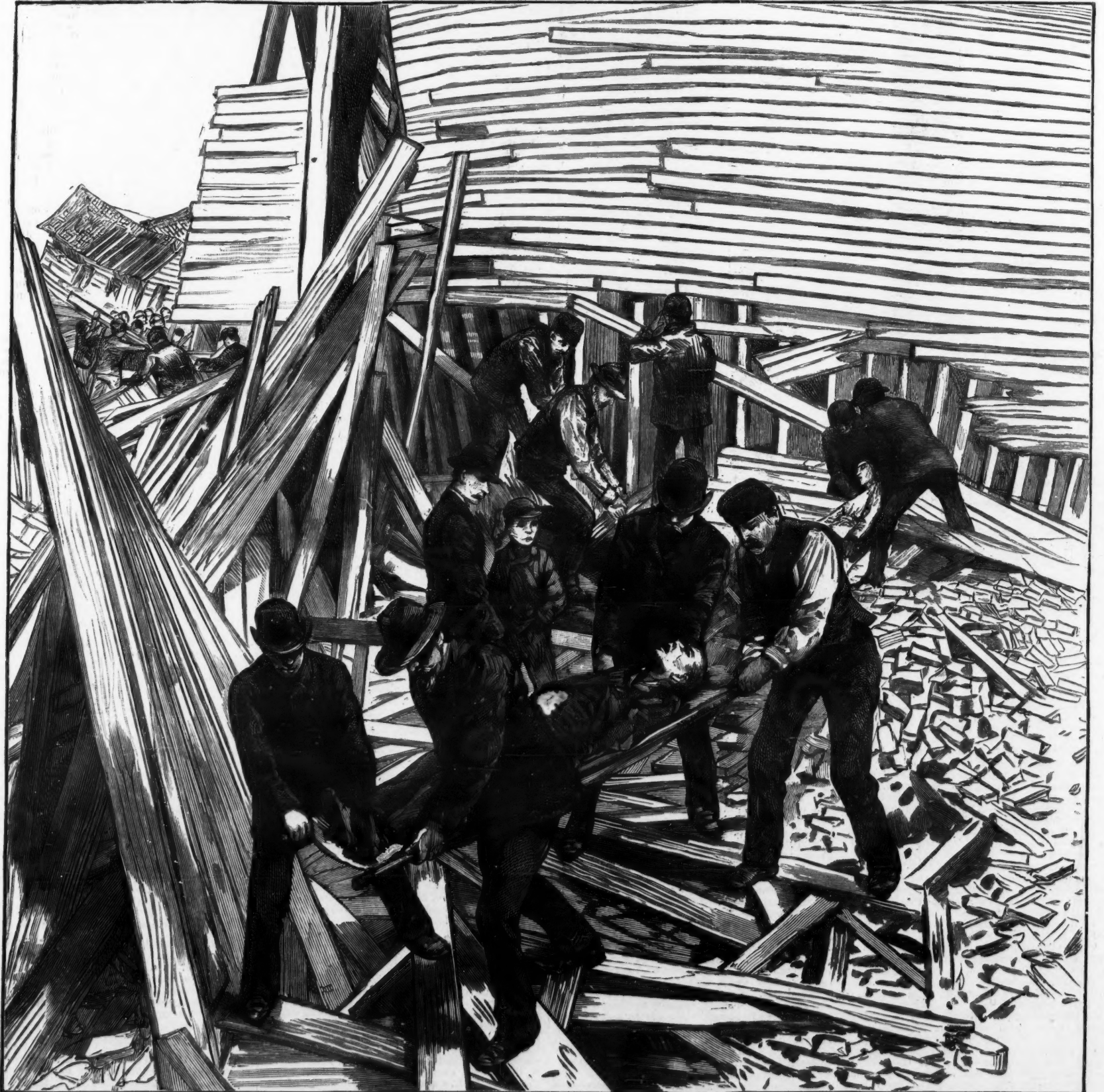
THE CREWS BANK BUILDING



THE METHODIST CHURCH.



THE EAST SCHOOL



ILLINOIS.—ANOTHER TERRIBLE CALAMITY—THE CITY OF MOUNT VERNON DESTROYED BY A CYCLONE, FEBRUARY 19TH.
RECOVERING THE BODIES OF VICTIMS.

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 39.



WINTER IN FLORIDA.—AN INVITATION TO PLAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED).

IN two or three minutes from the time De Laishe had made that strange engagement for Stannard which he hoped would insure his not following and interfering with the success of the experiment in which Walldon was to take a part, he was with Paul again.

He found Paul nervous, impatient, irritable. He had grave doubts, graver than ever before, regarding the success of the strange business they were about to undertake. He felt as though his power over Paul was less than it had ever been before, and still lessening. Paul seemed brighter, more like a man and less like a dreamer, than he had seemed for many and many a day. But the change in him was merely one of degree, not of kind; it was relative, not absolute. For he looked up, as De Laishe entered, and asked some questions: "We—we were going somewhere, were we not? Where were we going? And why?"

De Laishe told him. He was prudent enough to tell him cautiously. He reasoned that a mind in which passion rose up and asserted a degree of power might suddenly throw off all outside restraint and become the possession of a fully free man, a free moral agent, again. But even his prudence did not avail fully. Paul Walldon was very much excited; he was very angry; his hurry was very great.

They wrapped themselves well from the cold and the storm. They walked slowly down the stairs together, down past the door which opened into the hotel-office, and out into the night. De Laishe paused for a moment, just outside the door, to look in at the uncurtained office-window. A glance was enough. Stannard was playing cards with the three men in whose charge he had tacitly left him; the man whose adventure with the grizzly had evidently been most interesting was his partner.

The colonel looked, too, down the road over which they had to go—if this night's quest was to result in anything but failure—if Walldon was to prove himself a serviceable guide. That survey, also, was satisfactory. Three women were walking slowly towards the place upon which his mind was fixed; they were far in advance; he could only guess that one was Ethel Atherton, and another Marie; but of Minnie Gorton he was sure—he would have recognized the slope of her shoulders and the carriage of her head anywhere.

Stannard safely employed—his audience well on their way to the rendezvous he had appointed—Paul Walldon by his side, eager and excited, but docile and tractable—is it any wonder that Carlos de Laishe took heart! Everything seemed a good omen. Life seemed brighter than it had, and he realized in his heart the truth that it is better to give than to receive.

Walldon hurried. But De Laishe easily kept pace with him. He was as anxious, at least, as Walldon could be.

Dear reader, I have the most marvelous tale to tell, now, that has had a place in this history of Paul Walldon and his missing years. It is the most marvelous of all the strange things that will find a place in it. When you have read it, slowly and carefully, I shall not wonder if you call it the most marvelous thing of which you ever heard.

And yet, there is nothing of the supernatural in it. There are no ghostly visitations, nor aught which might be mistaken for them. There is only the following, by a human mind, of a forgotten path in which it once moved. There is nothing in it stranger than the wonders of sleep and somnambulism, nothing more weird than mesmeric force and the might of the human will, nothing more marvelous than the mystery of memory and the secret of continuous life and identity, nothing—

Nothing more? Yes, there is one thing more in it: A manifestation of the justice of God!

I cannot tell you that all this that I am about to write is true. You, kind reader, find memory treacherous and vague, sometimes, no matter how quick and alert you are. Dare we predicate a greater power of a man whose life has been wrecked and warped as Paul Walldon's has? I do not know that he met Ethel Atherton's father, the night he was murdered, just where we shall find him believing he meets him to-night; I do not know that murder came where he will see it, to-night, or went the way he will watch it go. I do not know! But, when you ask me what I believe, I have but one answer for you. Let me tell it, then, as Paul Walldon lived it again, with De Laishe and others watching him, and without addition or omission.

The two men walked together, by the way we have heard indicated, until they came to the top of the hill. Below them, the valley lay dark and silent, and yet De Laishe knew that the three women waited somewhere there.

Up to that time, Walldon had recognized De Laishe, and had had something to say to him, from time to time, though not frequently. Now, he seemed oblivious of the colonel's presence. He looked here and there, anywhere but at De Laishe, searchingly and anxiously. And when he did, once in a while, turn his glance towards the colonel, he did not seem to see him. He seemed to look through him.

Suddenly, just at the top of the hill, he paused. He looked down another road from that up which he had come. His look was one of expectancy, though to the eyes of persons as humanly limited as were those of De Laishe the road was empty.

Doubt, astonishment, joy, these emotions followed one another across his face, each as plainly portrayed as you ever saw any emotion on any human face. The joy came last; it was

stronger than the rest had been, and it remained. He took a step down the hill. He stretched out his right hand. He moved it up and down in the most cordial manner. It was an uncanny thing, this, and a blood-curdling one, watching a man shake hands with some phantom invisible to any other eyes than his own. For he stood well out from the shade of the trees, in the lightest spot there was on that lonely hilltop that dark, stormy night; the space his imagination filled with the living, loving, sentient form of a man murdered long ago, was empty—unless the dead return! And only the snow stirred about him.

He stepped a little aside, giving the better path to the unseen one at his side. De Laishe followed. Shall I offend the sensitive demand of any of you for the exact truth, if I write that Walldon and the murdered Atherton walked down the hill together?

Walldon began to talk. His voice was clear and bell-like. Then, from time to time, he would listen, though there was no sound to stir the stillness except the noise of the wintry storm and the crushing of his boots, and those of De Laishe, through the snow.

I cannot give you the conversation which took place between the man known as Carl Manniston, when he met, one July afternoon or evening, the father of the woman who was about to become his bride, and this one for whom the gates of death were so soon to be thrown open by the red hand of murder. No one remembers the conversation of that pleasant Summer time. Only God knows it.

But I can write down for you, and I will, the words Paul Walldon said as he trod down the snowy waste which hid the wreck of Summer's pride that bitter Winter night.

It is not a conversation which follows; it is a monologue. And the pauses represent the times when Carl Manniston kept silence—to let Ethel Atherton's father speak, possibly; the times when Paul Walldon waited—to listen to the spectre who went down the hill with him through the drifts of Winter, perhaps. At any rate, they show where De Laishe heard nothing, and guessed nothing.

"Glad? I should say so. Ethel will be overjoyed."

"Your telegram? Oh, yes; we got that all right. At first, she was inclined to postpone the wedding, but when I urged that the day had been appointed, the guests invited, the clergyman secured, and all our preparations made, she reluctantly consented to go on with the ceremony."

"Certainly. That was one of my chief arguments. If we could have been certain of just when your business would permit you to return, my pleading would have been of no avail. I should have been compelled to wait."

"Indeed she does. I think I never knew a daughter to love a father so well. Do you know, Mr. Atherton, I am sometimes jealous of you?"

"Yes, sir; I think it might kill her to lose you. But there is no danger, and—"

"Do you think so? I'd let the whole business go, then, if I were you. It's only a matter of a few thousands. I have more than enough for us all. And what is a little money compared with the irreparable mischief an irresponsible and angry man might do. Tell him that you will settle on his own terms, and—"

"Eh? There is something in that, I suppose, after all. Of course you are in the right; any one with the most rudimentary ideas of law knows that. But—"

"I? Oh, yes; I know him pretty well."

"No; I am not his friend. I don't like to think of friendship in connection with such a fellow as he is."

"No; I confess I never thought of such a thing in connection with him. It is hard to think of any man as being capable of a deed like that; but we know some men are. I am not sure that I wouldn't look for such an act from him as quickly as from any one I ever knew."

"Indeed I will. I'll keep a particularly close watch on him. You may rest assured of that."

"Is that so? Take the advice of a much younger man than yourself, and don't leave it possible to have that to say to-morrow night. An oral bargain, without witnesses, of such a nature that one man cannot afford to live up to its conditions, is a dangerous one."

Walldon stopped. He looked intently at empty space. His face was anxious. Apprehension had taken the place of joy. He took out his handkerchief and briskly rubbed his face with it; it would have been ludicrous, if it had not been so pitiful and pathetic, this wiping away the sweat of a dead and buried July night—on this night of cold and darkness and desolation.

"Ah?" suddenly, and looking down a side road which entered theirs, almost opposite them, half way from the crest of the hill to the valley below; "did you know he came in on the train with you?"

"You didn't? He must have done so, for here he comes. A pretty place, this, to meet a man to talk business in, isn't it? I'm glad I happened to meet you first. Everything is all right now, of course. But be civil to him, by all means."

"No; I wouldn't give him the idea that you are afraid. It might be dangerous to do that. But be generous. You can afford that. You cannot—"

"Pshaw! So I say. The idea that a man would stoop to the crime of murder for such a paltry sum as that. We mustn't allow ourselves to even think of such a thing."

"Yes, very lonely."

"I am glad I am with you."

"Hush! He'll hear you. He is almost here."

Walldon stepped back a pace or two. He looked, with evident interest, at a space in front of him in which no meeting could be seen to take place—not with De Laishe's eyes, nor yours, nor mine. But, if Walldon did not see two men meet there, he imagined he did. The scene had a reality—a serious reality—to him.

He half extended his hand, as though to meet the clasp of a proffered one, then seemed to think better of it, and let his hand fall to his side.

He seemed about to speak, but frowned, compressed his mobile lips a little tighter, and remained silent. He stepped back again. De Laishe could imagine just how Mr. Atherton and the man he dreaded had stepped forward, down the road, side by side. He could scarcely think, when Walldon moved on again, that he was not watchfully and closely following them.

Walldon kept silence till the lonely hollow was reached. His countenance, clear as an open book, indicated interest in an animated discussion, if it indicated anything. But he gave no evidence of fear.

They reached the lowest and loneliest part of the ravine. Had those in front of him stopped? He turned out of the road for a few steps, entered it again soon, and moved slowly on. He turned his head so as to look over his shoulder, once or twice, and his interest seemed to deepen. The two men, Mr. Atherton and the man who murdered him, were behind him now—or not there at all!

Suddenly he stopped. He wheeled around where he stood.

"That is false," he cried; "and you know it! I say—oh, you coward! Would you dare—"

He thrust his hand behind him. He drew it out from his hip-pocket, raised it, and let it slowly swing in the arc of a horizontal circle, as though following some flying fugitive with the ready weapon of the section of country in which he then was. He shouted loudly after the imaginary man.

"Halt!" A pause in which one might have leisurely counted three.

"Halt, I say!" A pause half as long as the former one had been.

"Halt, or I will fire! I—what ails the weapon? I never knew a cartridge to fail before. I—I—and the rest of the chambers all empty! I must let him go—for now!"

He turned, knelt down a step or two from where he had stood, and the motions he made mimicked so exactly the tearing open of garments on a prostrate man, that brave Colonel de Laishe actually shrank back for a moment. In the darkness of this deep ravine he half feared he would see what Walldon saw.

Walldon bent tenderly down—down until his ear almost touched the pure and unstained snow. De Laishe shivered; he remembered when there had been a deep pool of red just there.

Walldon listened long. Then he rose dejectedly to his feet.

"It will kill her," he cried; "it will kill her. Would to God I could have died in his place! Dead! dead! dead!"

CHAPTER XXXII.—FROM THE SHADOW TO THE SUBSTANCE.

THE three men in whose company, if not in whose care, Carlos de Laishe had left Leonard Stannard, asked that gentleman what game he played best. His reply was that he was only an indifferent player at any. Asked what one he preferred, he replied that "whist" was his favorite. So whist was the game with which they began—the game which was busying them when De Laishe looked in at the window before walking away with Walldon.

Whist occupied an undoubtedly anomalous position in the list of recreations possible in Manniston. I presume it had never been played in this particular hotel before. Not one of the three who were trying to amuse Stannard was a good player. It was not long, therefore, before all the interest possible had been extracted from that game, and the players began to yawn. It would have been pleasant for some of them to have stopped playing altogether. I think they would have done so, perhaps, if two of the players had not believed that Carlos de Laishe was Carlos de Laishe—possibly if Stannard had not been unpleasantly sure of it.

A change seemed imperative. Stannard's partner was impolite enough to make the first necessary suggestion.

Did the stranger play poker? He did, a little. Would he like to play that for a time, instead of whist? He would, if it pleased the other gentlemen. Had he ever played for money? Why, yes; he had occasionally; not often. Would he play for stakes now? If the rest wished, certainly.

So it happened that by the time Paul Walldon was warning something less tangible than a shadow of the danger Atherton had met and fallen under many, many months ago, the four men were deep in the mysteries of that American game, and Stannard, really an expert for an amateur, and quite in the humor that evening to play up to any figure the rest wished, and to play the best game of which he was capable, was steadily winning.

The men with whom Stannard played were not willing to lose; that sort of men rarely are. An awkward deal, a card carelessly let fall upon the floor, a hand lowered below the edge of the table—these, or any other happenings which seemed to indicate the possibility of fraud, would undoubtedly have cost Mr. Leonard Stannard dear. Possibly he understood this, and was all the time on his guard.

The men were unwilling to lose, as I have said; but there was a certain rude sort of chivalry in their make-up which kept them from making any protest, either in words or actions, while everything was fair and honest. And Stannard was winning fairly—as fairly, that is, as one ever can at poker. Possibly, too, the fact that the man two of them thought was De Laishe had treated him, instead of shooting him, had something to do with it.

It was almost morning. An unusual sum of money had been on the table. Stannard's good luck—or good nerve—had stood him in good stead; he had won.

One by one the three men rose. Each had the same story to tell. They could play no longer. They had no money left with which to play.

Then Stannard spoke, slowly, craftily, persuasively.

"I'm going to need three or four men for a week's work," he explained; "(three such men as you are will undoubtedly do as well as four or six ordinary men); I want men who are not afraid of danger and hardship; I want men who are in the habit of doing as they have agreed to do, and of obeying orders without asking questions; I want men who haven't any foolish notions regarding waiting for the slow machinery of law, when there are easy, though irregular, short cuts to be taken; I want men who are not unwilling to take advantage of an enemy—when it will pay to do so; I want—"

"You want us; that's evident," said the man who had been Stannard's partner during the opening of the evening's contest, when the game had been whist; "now, what do you want us for? And what do you propose to pay?"

"I propose this: I'll put three thousand dollars on the table. We'll play a hand at poker. If any one of you holds the best hand, you shall take a thousand dollars each. If I win, I have your services for one week."

"And if you lose, at first, and—"

"If I lose, I'll play that way until I don't. I want your services, and—"

"Exactly. But I've a question or two to ask. Who is that man who asked us to play with you?"

"His name is Carlos de Laishe."

The men glanced interestedly at one another. That was a name which carried much weight with it in Manniston, evidently, and possibly on into the rugged fastnesses of the Rockies.

"He—he will be on your side—that is, our side—or on the other?"

Stannard looked at the men for a moment, and then laughed.

Paradoxical conduct, do you say, considering the way in which he had acted, only a few hours before, when he met De Laishe? Not at all. He had feared to have the colonel explain that he had thrown him into the sea, merely because he feared it might result in his being turned over to the authorities. In the near presence of law, he was lawless enough to be uneasy; in the companionship of lawlessness, he was careless and bold.

So he laughed.

"I'll guarantee that the colonel makes no trouble for any of you," he said, grimly.

Whereupon they all agreed to do as Stannard had suggested. And, on putting the matter to the arbitration of the cards, Stannard won.

He divided the money he had won into three equal portions. He pushed one of the shares to each of the three men.

"I don't want your money," he said; "I want your services."

And they all swore they would be true and loyal to him. When he had gone out, on his way to the larger and more pretentious hotel where he had registered, they even went so far as to say that they believed they would have stuck to so generous a fellow as the man with whom they had played—even if De Laishe had been against them. But, as that was after they had been very liberal with the liquor for which De Laishe was to pay, perhaps those bold resolves should not count for much.

Let us now return to the ravine, and to Paul Walldon.

There was an old house standing not far from where Paul's actions showed that he pictured the dead Mr. Atherton as lying. It had stood there when the dead man had actually lain on the spot over which Walldon so agonizedly bent. It had not been used for years.

Paul began to work and tug, lifting at nothing and pulling at the empty air. It was evident that he was dragging the dead man of his imagination to the old and deserted house.

With much evident toil, and many pauses for rest, he carried his viewless load to the door. He opened the door. Laden with his unseen burden, he entered. He took time to decently arrange the limbs of the intangible form he had labored with.

Then he came out, closed the door carefully fastened it securely, and, taking his handkerchief from his pocket again, he again mopped his brow. De Laishe shuddered. He wondered how the lady beyond the trees, yonder, waiting and listening, were enduring this terrible ordeal. Even to him it was an awful strain. What must it be to her? He could hardly convince himself that there was not a dead man in there, behind that door before which Paul Walldon stood. But, then, he knew that the dead Mr. Atherton had been found there. Perhaps some merciful negligence had kept that knowledge from even Ethel Atherton.

Paul Walldon looked away towards the west. He bared his forehead. The snow fell thickly upon it, and the beating blast smote it. But, to his sleeping intelligence and misguided senses, it was the hot breath of a July night, full of the promise of sudden storm, which fell upon him.

"It will be a terrible storm," he said, with a shudder; "a terrible storm. Could anything be more fitting?"

He walked out to where he imagined the dead man had lain. He walked back to the door of the old house again.

"It—it will kill her," he groaned; "it will kill her. I would do anything to help her—anything to save her. I would give my life for her, and do it gladly. I love her; I love her; I love her more than my life. I—I would do—my God, what can I do?"

He was down upon his knees in the deep, deep snow, and the tears were running down his agonized face like rain.

"There will be no finding the scoundrel who murdered him, until to-morrow, and no proof then! There is only my word against his—that, and the fact that the man is actually dead, and that some one killed him. How long is it—how many minutes—since I protested that such a deed at his hands was impossible? How long is it—"

how many days—since I took him by the hand, much more to him than a mere acquaintance, though less, I hope, than a friend?"

He bowed his head again. He paced to and fro again.

"I must forget myself in this matter—forget utterly, I must, and I will. I must be entirely unselfish. I must think only of her. What shall I do? What is it best to do? I must try hard to think."

Again silence—a long silence—a silence which his auditors began to fear would be for ever unbroken. What an awful ordeal, this, standing on the very boundaries of success, and still finding doubt so strong! There was never another such a rehearsal of a tragedy in all the world; if you love your kind, you may pray to-night that there never will be.

"If I could only protect her—but I have no legal right. No one could comfort and soothe her so well as I, but I can go to her only occasionally; I shall see her but seldom; in the long nights of wakefulness and silence and agony, she must suffer alone. It will be a year before we can stand at the altar where we were to stand this evening—a whole year; a long year; a terrible year for my stricken love. I do not care for myself; I can endure it. But who could be so careful and tender and pitiful as I? And there is no way to be with her, no way to lighten her load at every hour. No way, O merciful God! No way—unless—"

He stood silent again—silent longer than before—silent for so long that his auditors began to think they should have nothing left them but to guess at the self-centred argument which had sent him to stand at the marriage altar with Ethel Atherton while he knew her father lay dead—murdered—in a lonely hut not a mile away.

But their waiting was rewarded. He spoke again. He took up the train of thought at the place where he had left it.

"No way—unless—and why not do it? She does not expect him. She has no idea he can come. Why not go on to my home? Why not compose my face as well as I can? Why not dress as I meant to do, and go on and marry her? It is for her sake; God knows it is for her sake; I can make her understand all that; I can win not only her forgiveness, but her approval and her deeper love. The dead man is safe. It will be a difference of only an hour or two. I can tell this story to Ethel Manniston far easier than I can to Ethel Atherton. We can work together, as husband and wife, in this matter, as no pair of lovers ever could. I can have her dead father in his house before midnight. I can have men watch the night express. I can have the country covered with well-armed and well-mounted men hours before morning. The man cannot escape. He shall not. And, if proof is lacking, I'll spend my fortune to the last dollar but what I'll find a way to make proof. Marry her, and the way is clear and plain. Wait, and there is doubt and difficulty at every step. It is the only sensible way, the only right way. I will leave it to the world to settle the question of propriety, each man for himself—"

(Just as the writer respectfully leaves the same question to you, my good friend, the reader.)

"—But I will marry Ethel Atherton to-night!"

He walked slowly back to where the final fatal struggle had taken place. He suddenly stooped down. He made a motion as though he picked something up, though his hand was empty. He held the imaginary thing off at arm's length, as though he feared it would contaminate him, though he used both hands in his examination of it, and brought it near to his eyes before he was done.

A half-mad and entirely horrible joy appeared to control him. He actually smiled. He almost laughed.

"Evidence?" he cried; evidence? I have all the evidence I need, and more. He dropped this little thing here, carelessly and unknowingly, more anxious to get out of my sight and beyond the reach of my weapon than to see that he lost nothing which might criminate him. And so—I have this. And so—it will hang him. What a fool to do the reckless thing he has done!"

He thrust his hand into his pocket. He pondered for a little. His face darkened. He drew the hand from his pocket again, and seemed to look at the treasure he had found.

"I will not keep the accursed thing about me," he said; "I doubt if I could look Ethel in the face if I did. I will hide it here. I shall know just where to find it again."

He walked a dozen steps in the opposite direction from that which would have taken him to the door of the desolate house—the house once so strangely tenanted. He stooped down beside a huge old tree, gnarled and rugged and moss-grown. He brushed away the snow. He tossed aside the dead grasses and the half-decayed leaves. He thrust his hand into an opening in the tree.

If the fear-maddened murderer, coming back to the scene of his guilt (at about the time that Carl Manniston was sent on his awful journey by the night express), in order to search for something he had lost, had only known of that opening, and thrust his hand in there, this history would have been so different from what it really is that you would not recognize it. But—the murderer found nothing. He had nothing left him but to do as he did, watchfully follow the man who had found what he had dropped—or do worse, infinitely worse!

Paul Walldon stood upright for a moment by the side of the tree.

Then he stooped down again, and again thrust his hand into the tree. This time, his hand was not empty when he drew it out.

"I—I must look once more," he said; "I must be sure there is no mistake. After that, there is the marriage; then, the story of murder; and last of all, vengeance!"

Yes, Paul Walldon, or Carl Manniston, or who-

ever you may be, last of all—vengeance! But the road to last of all is a long road, and a weary one; who wait for last of all, wait many, many days.

"It is all right," he said; "it is all right. There is no doubt of it. And—"

Carlos de Laishe stood just behind him, looking over his shoulder. But Walldon was unaware of his presence. Even when he spoke, Walldon appeared not to hear it.

"It is all right," said De Laishe; "it is all that Hope painted in her kindest moments. Paul Walldon is innocent; Ethel Atherton may see justice done; Minnie Girton is saved, for the old-time friend of her girlhood days may speak whenever he will. I—"

Walldon started to stoop down once more, evidently to replace whatever he had in his hand in the hole in the tree again. He was pale and weary-looking; the evening's experience had undoubtedly been a severe strain upon him; it would be a mercy to allow him to rest—and Carlos de Laishe was a merciful man. The colonel would have been glad to have followed Walldon further. He would have been interested in seeing him go to the marriage which had been interrupted and delayed after all. He would have taken pleasure in seeing light shine through the mystery of his awful journey on the night express. But he would not do it. He had made his experiment. He had made Paul Walldon submit to this marvelous test. He had found a success beyond his most sanguine hopes. Now, he would give Paul Walldon rest. Now, he would have rest himself. He was as thoughtful as he was kind and merciful. To release Paul from the mental bondage in which he had been held so long, to release him there and then, might have been to make him risk his life or his sanity. Carlos de Laishe had no intention of subjecting Walldon to such a risk as that. He would take him back to the hotel. He would let him retire to bed. He would let him sleep soundly, and as late in the morning as he pleased; he would wait—wait as long as might be necessary; he would be patient—very patient. And, when the time was fully come, he would set Paul free, and then he would sit down and explain everything to him—explain where he was, how he came there, and what God had given him power to do. He would—

Wait, Carlos de Laishe! Do you remember what the words of Zaphrah were? Have you never read the old proverb as to how man proposes and God disposes?

Paul Walldon stooped lower yet. He groaned as he did so. And De Laishe, close to him, heard a half-inaudible prayer that faltered across his lips.

"Merciful God, give me power to go through the awful ordeal of this night bravely and devotedly. Help me to remember that it is all for the sake of the woman I love, and aid me in doing all and suffering all, without complaint or regret."

It was a prayer that would have been very appropriate for that snowy night of tempest and storm, as well as for that other evening in which Paul Walldon imagined he stood—that other evening in which it had undoubtedly first been said. It would have been appropriate, too, for De Laishe to have said it, as well as Walldon. In the days that came afterwards, Marie often wondered whether the colonel had not said "Amen" to it in his heart.

Paul Walldon stooped lower. He was almost on his knees again. Then De Laishe reached over his shoulder and took the treasure of evidence he had had from his unresisting hand.

The colonel turned to the right; there was no one there, only the dark forms of the trees, and the writhing lines of hurrying snow, twisting itself into drifts.

He turned to the left. Marie, keen-eyed, eager, agitated, stood at his very elbow. The others, Ethel Atherton and Minnie Girton, stood further away, among the trees; they were in plain sight of all that had happened; they had undoubtedly heard all that had been said aloud. But Marie—she had not been content to remain at a distance; she had seen nearly all that De Laishe had; she had heard all to which he had listened.

The colonel handed to Marie that which he had taken from Paul Walldon.

"Take it," he said, "and give it to Mrs. Girton. I don't feel quite safe with it in my possession. It is more fitting that she should keep it—until the time comes when it is needed—than that any other one should."

Marie took it. She carried it to her mistress. She remained with Ethel and Minnie.

De Laishe turned his attention to Paul Walldon. That gentleman had thrust his empty hand into the hole in the tree again. He had not noticed that some one had taken something from him. He did not know that his hand was no emptier when he drew it out than when he thrust it in. To him, undoubtedly, the place in this valley was utterly empty of life—save his own; to him, there was utter loneliness; he saw nothing of De Laishe and Minnie Girton and Ethel Atherton and Marie; for him there was neither winter nor snow—but the green leaves and the fragrant flowers, and the nodding grasses of the Summer-time.

De Laishe motioned to the ladies that they were to return, and he waited until they were some rods in advance, going up the hill from this valley.

Then he laid his hand on Walldon's shoulder.

"Come," he said, slowly, and with great distinctness and considerable emphasis; "come! This will do for to-night. We will go back to the hotel, now."

Walldon shivered, much as you may have seen a tree shiver under the touch of the rising breeze of early morning. His dream, if dream is the right word to use in connection with his peculiar mental state, seemed to take a new direction; he was once more the man he had been yesterday—no more and no less than that. He was once more the doubt-haunted creature of De Laishe's will—no less and no more.

His head fell forward upon his breast. The expression of human knowledge and passion died

out of his face. He took his place by the side of De Laishe, as promptly and unquestioningly as a well-trained dog might have done.

Only once, during the entire walk back to the hotel, did he look up or speak. That was when they were almost at the door of the place where they stopped. He raised his eyes. He looked in a puzzled, troubled, doubting way at De Laishe.

"I—I thought we were going in search of something," he said, sadly; "what was it? Was there any hope of finding it? Why didn't we go?"

De Laishe turned away his head. He brushed an unexpected tear or two off his cheek. He was deeply touched.

"When he wakes in the morning," he whispered to himself; he shall find me waiting by his bedside ready to give him back to himself again."

Ah, Carlos de Laishe! Carlos de Laishe! You will not be by him when he wakes in the morning! He will wake long before you do, long before! How long? I do not know. Only He knows who counts the ages as they fall from Possibility to Actuality! As many centuries as lie between now and the morning of the Resurrection!

(To be continued.)

MR. WILLIAM W. CORCORAN,

THE MILLIONAIRE PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN, who died at Washington on Friday morning last, aged eighty-nine years, one month and twenty-three days, had unusual claims upon the love and veneration of his fellow-countrymen. Born in the District of Columbia the year before Washington died, and remembering personally every subsequent President of the United States, his years and activity were prolonged far beyond the common lot of man; and this long life was made illustrious by the wise and beneficent dispensation of riches which, though they were accumulated by his own honest labor and legitimate enterprise, he chose to regard as a sacred trust for the benefit of "knowledge, truth and charity."

Mr. Corcoran was born in Georgetown, D. C., December 27th, 1798. His father, an Irish gentleman of sterling character, had settled there a decade or so before, and was Mayor of the place before Washington began its career as a town. Young William Corcoran was educated at the local schools, and at the Georgetown College. At sixteen years of age, when his father had been appointed by President Madison Postmaster of Georgetown, he left school and entered the dry-goods store of his brothers, James and Thomas Corcoran. His ability became so apparent that they established him, two years later, in a store of his own, and he succeeded well until he was swamped by the panic of 1823. He was at this time twenty-five years of age, and he compromised with some of his creditors at fifty per cent., and from others received a discharge in full. In 1847, when he had made another fortune, he computed the interest due from himself and his brothers to each of these creditors, and, adding this to the principal, he paid the sum in full, which was then more than double the original amount. From dry-goods he went to banking, first as an employee and afterwards as partner, and for years the firm of Corcoran & Riggs stood as high as that of the Rothschilds in London. He took charge of the Mexican loans when no one else would handle them, and placed a part of them in six of the wealthiest houses in London. He bought United States securities, and made a fortune out of their rise when the New York bankers predicted that the country was going to ruin. He has dealt largely in real estate, and long after he had passed the age of fourscore was able to do business as well as at any period of his life. One of his characteristics was the having an immediate answer to any proposition, business or otherwise, and of knowing his own mind and saying it. When, in 1854, the firm of Corcoran & Riggs was dissolved, Mr. Corcoran retired from active business. During the last thirty-five years he had only attended to his own fortune, to the cultivation of his mind and to the disposition of his millions in charity.

Of these charities, the world knows definitely only of some of the more magnificent ones, and of those benefactions which are among the public monuments of the national capital. Everybody has heard of the Corcoran Art Gallery—a name never authorized by its founder—which cost \$350,000, and is endowed with \$2,000,000; of the beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery, the tract of which he purchased in 1847, and spent \$75,000 in improving before he presented it to Georgetown; of the monument there to John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," whose remains Mr. Corcoran caused to be transferred from Tunis to rest here; and of the "Louise Home," that unique and lovely charity, which provides a home for old ladies who, having been tenderly nurtured in happier days, are left destitute and helpless in their old age. Such deeds cannot be hid. But of his countless private charities, extending over nearly half a century, the remembrance lies buried in grateful hearts alone. Suffice it to say that Mr. Corcoran gave away considerably more than half of his entire possessions. It is said, and no doubt truly, that in sums of over \$5,000 his benefactions amount to nearly \$6,000,000. In small sums he gave away \$1,500,000, and his purse was always open.

Personally, Mr. Corcoran had been for two or three generations past one of the most strikingly interesting figures in Washington. Only last December a well-known writer picturesquely describes the venerable philanthropist as "Tall, straight and broad-shouldered, his mind as clear as the waters of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, which he seems to have sipped. His body, barring his slight paralytic stroke, works as well as when, years ago, he was one of the best horseback riders in the District of Columbia. His digestion does not trouble him, and he sleeps like a plowboy. He enjoys his old age, and he tells me that he attributes his good health to a long life of temperance and to the fact that his good constitution has never been injured by excesses of any sort. Up to last Summer he had not known a sick day, and though his hair is like strands of silver, his face shows few wrinkles. He has a remarkable head. Large, full-featured and handsome, its forehead is broad, high, as well as intellectual. Its nose is straight, and the mouth is firm but pleasant. His jaw is as strong as that of Sam Randall, but it is more clean in its cut, and the lines about it are more gentle. Mr. Corcoran's mustache is of frosted silver, and his features show all the signs of culture. He dresses in exquisite taste, and there is no better picture of the fashionable gentleman of to-day."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL LONGSTREET devotes himself entirely to grape-culture on his pretty little estate at Gainesville, Ga.

THE New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, has been threatened with total blindness. Mr. Pulitzer is now at Santa Barbara, Cal.

THE Canadian Club of New York intends to celebrate the conclusion of the labors of the Fisheries Commission by a banquet to Mr. Chamberlain and his associates on Friday evening, March 2d.

MME. BARRIOS, widow of the late President of Guatemala, is engaged to be married. Her fiancé is said to be an English nobleman of high rank. Mme. Barrios is worth several millions of dollars.

REV. DR. WILLIAM ORMISTON, for eighteen years pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church, New York city, has tendered his resignation owing to loss of voice, which partially disqualifies him for pulpit work.

MRS. THURBER, of New York, after having spent some two hundred thousand dollars of her own and her friends' money in an heroic effort to establish a national conservatory of music, is now going to memorialize Congress for a subsidy.

MARTIN IRONS, the old chief of the Knights of Labor, who called out the Missouri Knights employed on the Gould system in the big railroad strike two years ago, was tried in St. Louis last week for attempting to tap a telegraph-wire during the strike.

GOVERNOR LEE has approved a charter passed by the Virginia Legislature authorizing the erection in Fredericksburg of a Masonic Temple as a memorial of the character of George Washington, who was made a Mason in Lodge 4 at that place on August 4th, 1753.

MR. CHANCEY M. DEFEW delivered an address before the Chicago Union League, on Washington's Birthday, upon the political mission of the United States. The address, which was heard by some 2,000 people, was one of the ablest of the many notable intellectual performances of this versatile New Yorker.

THE decision of the Hawaiian Supreme Court that the veto power of the King is his personal prerogative, and that its exercise does not require to be preceded by consultation with the Cabinet, is a clear triumph for Kalakaua, and places the reform party at a decided disadvantage as to matters of legislation.

ALARMING reports as to the condition of the German Crown Prince prevailed during last week, but he seems to have rallied from the unfavorable symptoms, and at this writing is said to be making satisfactory progress. There is no doubt, however, that his case is more serious than some of his physicians are willing to acknowledge.

THE election of Mr. Seymour to the vacant seat in Congress from the Eleventh District of Michigan preserves the Republican majority in the delegation from that State. Had his opponent been successful it would have given to the Democrats the majority in the State delegations in the House of Representatives which the Republicans now have.

At the urgent personal solicitation of Miss Susan B. Anthony, Laura C. Holloway will address the International Convention of Women to be held in Washington next month, on the subject, "Women in Journalism." Mrs. Holloway will be the only speaker who has the exceptional compliment paid her of representing her profession exclusively, and her address will not be followed by discussions, as will be the case with other subjects.

THE Prince of Wales being invited to an "at home" recently, had, as is the custom, the list of the people he would meet submitted to him by the lady desirous of receiving his Royal Highness in her house. The Prince passed his pencil through the names of three ladies. When asked by the hostess the reason of his objection, he replied: "My dear madam, I cannot explain. Ask your husband. He should not have permitted you to know such people."

FRANK R. STOCKTON, that popular novelist of infinite quaint humors, is held responsible for a most startling innovation in the way of wedding trips, recently introduced in Washington. After a certain wedding ceremony, at which Mr. Stockton was present, instead of the young couple going on a wedding trip, the bride's parents were showered with rice and old slippers and banished on a two weeks' exile, while the bride and groom were left in possession of the house.

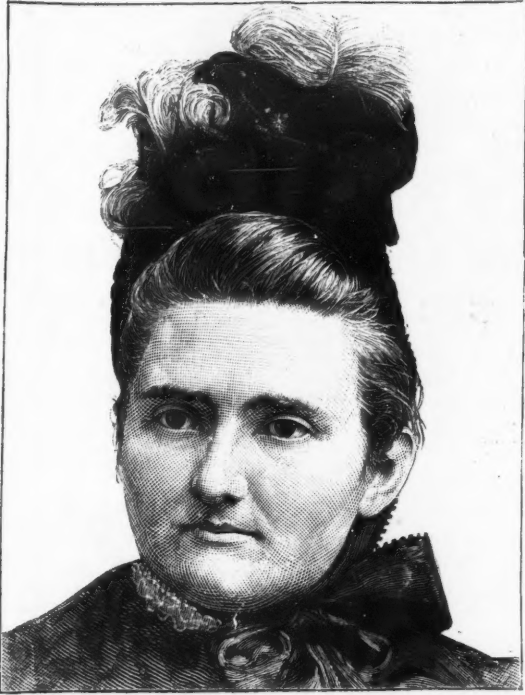
THE appointment of Lord Dufferin as British Ambassador to Italy probably explains his relinquishment of the Viceroyalty of India. Rome has not heretofore been considered a first-class place on the British diplomatic scale. India is one of the most important posts, and Lord Dufferin has also represented the English Government at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. His going to Rome at this time is a confirmation of the reports about an English alliance with Italy.

THE visit of the President and Mrs. Cleveland to Florida, last week, was marked by enthusiastic and hospitable attentions on the part of the people in that "Land of Flowers." At Jacksonville, St. Augustine and elsewhere, there were arches of orange-blossoms and flowers of every sort, and the whole tour was a triumphal progress. The President's wife seems to have borne off the chief honors. At Jacksonville, where she enjoyed for the first time the experience of plucking orange-blossoms and oranges from the tree, she tossed to the President the first orange picked, but his hands were not quick enough, and he caught it on his nose. She offered him another, but he declined, saying that a man got into trouble a long time ago by accepting fruit plucked and offered by a woman.

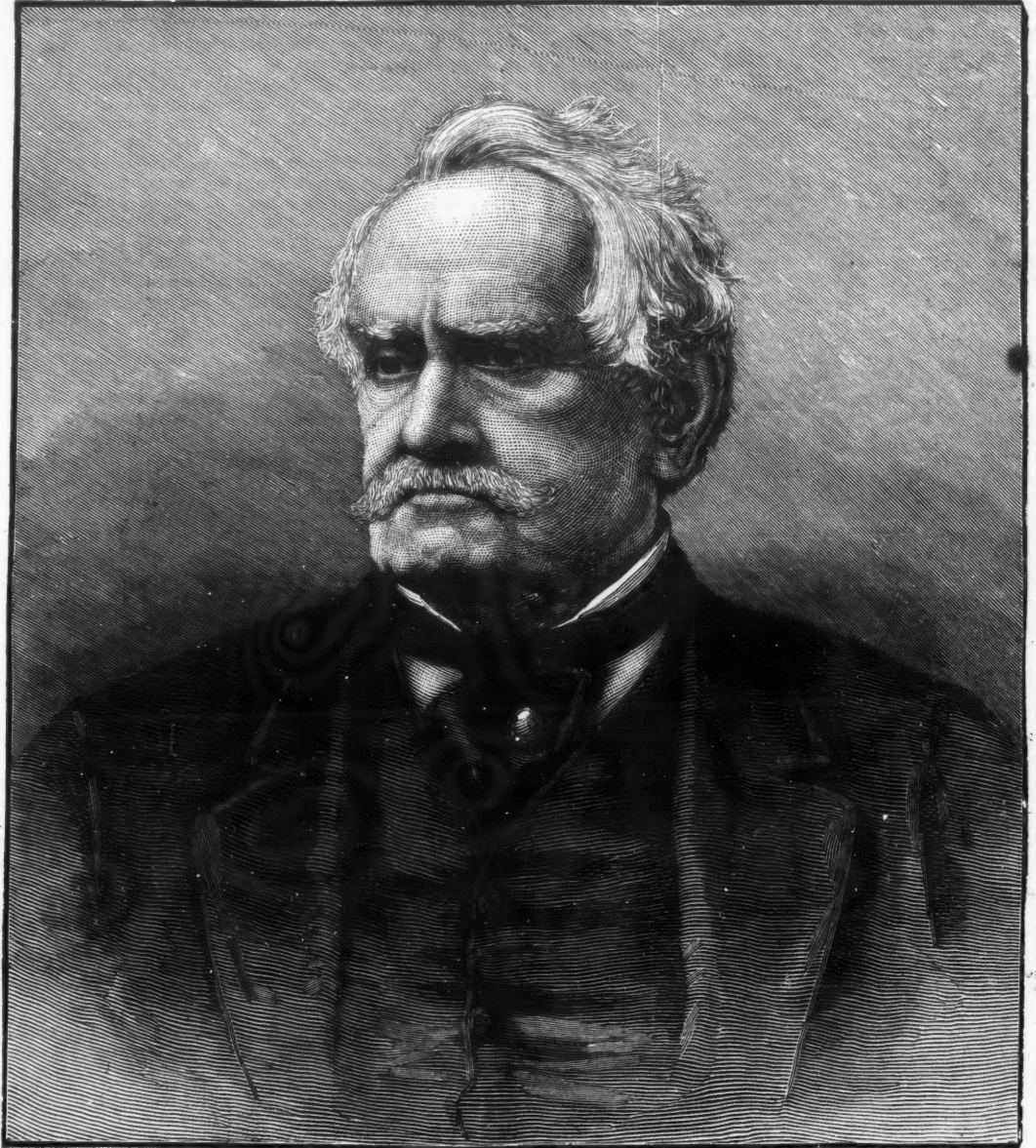
YOUNG JOSEF HOFMANN, the wonderful Polish boy whose musical genius resembles that of the infant Mozart, has been suddenly withdrawn from the stage by his parents, who state that the severe labor and nervous excitement consequent upon the fifty-two concerts which he has already given in rapid succession in this country have seriously endangered his health—as well they might. Mr. Henry E. Abbey, under whose management the concerts have been given, has sued Mr. Casimir Hofmann, the father of the young artist, for a breach of contract, setting the amount of damages at \$57,500. The enormous profits from little Hofmann's concerts have thus far gone towards making good Mr. Abbey's losses through the collapse of Gerster's concert tour and the disastrous failure of the Wallack's Theatre speculation. The manager is no doubt an object for commiseration, but judicious admirers of the child of genius will not grieve at his obtaining a much-needed rest.

MISS IDA L. GRIFFIN, SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.

MISS IDA L. GRIFFIN, whose portrait adorns this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, is the lady who delighted the Woman Suffrage party at the last election by making a successful run for the office of County School Commissioner in Oswego County, N. Y. It will be remembered that no little stir was made about ladies who ran for the same office unsuccessfully in other parts of the State. In the meanwhile, Miss Griffin's friends were conducting a quiet but vigorous and skillful canvass, which resulted in her triumphant election, by 1,910 votes against 1,598 for her competitor, her majority being thus 312. The defeated candidate ungraciously tried to contest her election, and to have all the votes for her thrown out, solely because she was a woman. But the nineteen hundred men who had voted for the lady, reinforced by the Oswego *Palladium* and *Times*, and other county papers, protested emphatically, and gave the gentleman to understand that, even if she did not get the office, he should not have it; and he discovered that the Legislature had, by a special law, provided that sex should not debar any woman from holding a school office. He then gave up the contest, and Miss Griffin is



NEW YORK.—MISS IDA L. GRIFFIN, SCHOOL COMMISSIONER, OSWEGO COUNTY.
FROM A PHOTO. BY OSTROM.



WASHINGTON.—THE LATE WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, THE DISTINGUISHED PHILANTHROPIST.
PHOTO. BY RICE.—SEE PAGE 43.



COMFORT AT SEA.—SELF-LEVELING BERTH OF THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP BERTH COMPANY.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

to-day devoting her whole time to the duties of the office.

Miss Griffin is thirty-one years of age, and a native of St. Lawrence County. Her father died in 1875, from disease contracted by exposure in the late war. Obligated to leave school, the daughter supported her mother and paid her father's debts by teaching district schools. When she had saved a little money, she entered the State Normal and Training School at Oswego, worked to pay her own way through, and was graduated in 1880. When nominated, last Fall, she was teaching at Marcellus, N. Y. The Commissioner then in office had not given satisfaction, but by political management had held the place for years. He managed, last Fall, to secure a renomination on the Republican ticket, whereat many Republicans, and Woman Suffragists, too, told the Democrats that if they would nominate Miss Griffin she would receive much outside support. The Democrats, knowing they could not elect any man of their own, nominated her, and the Prohibitionists also favored her. She took the ground in her canvass of "equal rights for all, regardless of sex," and "waged war on those who claimed that women were inferior to men." Mr. John F. Hartson, of Union Square, Chairman of the Democratic Committee, took personal charge of the canvass, and worked night and day to elect her. She ran eight hundred votes ahead of the Democratic ticket.

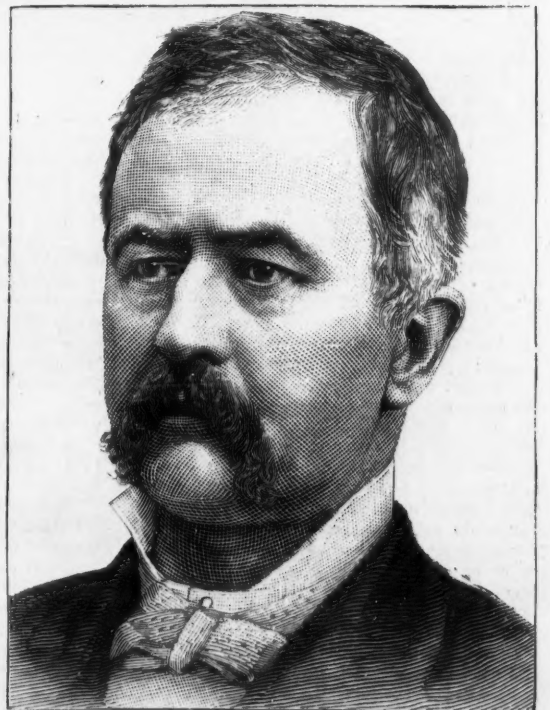
Most of the teachers under Miss Griffin's supervision are ladies. Her salary is \$1,200 a year.

COMFORT AT SEA.—SELF-LEVELING BERTHS.

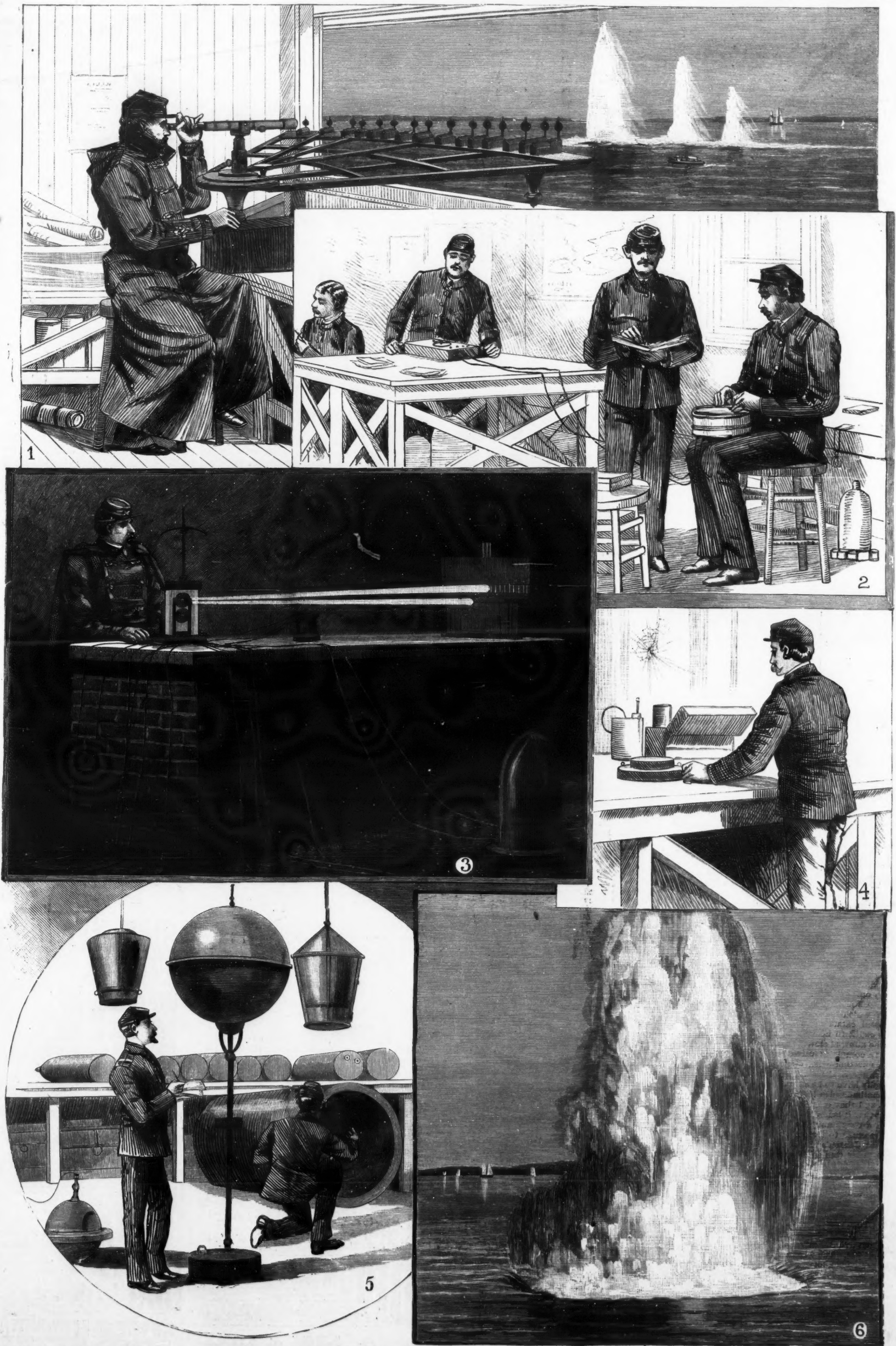
THE time is near at hand when no person going to Europe will patronize a steamer which is not fitted with self-leveling berths. When the traveling public has experienced the delightful repose afforded by these berths, it will demand them for ocean use as the Pullman cars are now demanded for land transit; for, in point of fact, the self-leveling berth is the "Ocean Pullman." Numerous attempts have been made to invent a berth which should be self-leveling—that is, one that would always maintain a horizontal position, no matter how great the roll of the steamer, and one that would rotate and not swing. This has only been achieved in the "Brunswick Berth," which is owned by the Ocean Steamship Berth Company,

and is secured to it by letters patent of the United States and foreign countries. We give in our illustration the berths as they appear in the state-room of an ocean steamer during a storm at sea. It will be seen that, although the steamer rolls heavily, the berths remain perfectly horizontal. Nothing has been devised which relieves seasickness so much as one of these berths—a fact to which persons who have used them attest in the form of numerous testimonials. The berths are now in use upon the steamers of the Inman and North German lines, and it is the purpose of the Ocean Steamship Berth Company to introduce them extensively and as rapidly as possible to the ocean-traveling public. The company has offices at No. 31 Broadway, where one of the latest improved berths is on exhibition, and attracts much attention.

The invention is one of great merit, and will be welcomed by all who have experienced the unpleasant sensations produced by being knocked about in the ordinary fixed berth, as the steamer rolls in the waves.



NEW YORK.—HON. CHARLES S. CARY, SOLICITOR OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.
PHOTO. BY WINOER & WHIPPLE.—SEE PAGE 39.



1. Quadrant for Locating Torpedoes. 2. Magneto-electric Experiments. 3. Sensitive Galvanometer. 4. Testing Primers. 5. Torpedo Construction. 6. Explosion under Water.
 NEW YORK.—THE POST-GRADUATE SCHOOL AT WILLET'S POINT—INSTRUCTING ENGINEERS IN THE METHODS
 OF TORPEDO WARFARE AND COAST DEFENSE.
 FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.

FUN.

Brown (reading from a newspaper)—"I see that a German has traveled around the world at an expense of £180." Mrs. Brown (incredulously)—"Indeed? How much did he weigh when he started?"—*New Haven News.*

SALVATION OIL is a speedy and permanent cure for all pain. It extirpates the cause. New York city is America's metropolis; her pride is Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP at 25 cents.

A BUFFALO paper finds fault with the Canadians because they call a jail a gaol. If they would only grab the American defaulters over there and lock 'em up in their gaol, we shouldn't care if they called it a bastille.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE VERY TOUGHEST OF ALL.

So tough, so hard, so difficult to drive out is that hateful old malady, rheumatism, that people sometimes endure its torments for years and years, under the mistaken idea that nothing can overcome it. Just what a mistake such people make may be inferred from the case of Miss Winfree, of Lynchburg, Va. She had been afflicted with rheumatism since she was four years old. When she was thirteen, her father thought it would be a good idea to try Compound Oxygen on her.

What was the effect on this rheumatism of nine years' standing? For the first few days the young lady was discouraged; was pale, and had little strength; thought it affected her heart.

But how was it after five weeks? Altogether a different experience. Her father wrote:

"Within a week from beginning the use of the Oxygen she began to show signs of improvement; since then her recovery has been remarkable. I have never seen anything to equal it. The action of the heart is quiet and soft; there has been no sign of rheumatism; she sleeps sweetly all night; has fine appetite; has gained many pounds of flesh, and has considerable color; can walk all about the house, and has paid two or three visits in the neighborhood."

Score one decisive victory for Compound Oxygen, and send for the treatise about it. Write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1539 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., who will send it free.

The United States Consul at St. Helena is about to resign, on the ground that as Consul he was expected to play poker with the British sea-captains who stopped there, and his salary could not justify that expense. Here is a chance for a poker expert.

A WONDERFUL PEPSIN FOR CURE OF CATARRH.

Is there any more dreadful complaint, whether it be a catarrh of the nose, the throat, the stomach, or of any of the mucous membranes of the body? It is the prevalence, the almost universality of catarrh in some of its many phases that makes this article of special value. The subject interested me and I investigated it thoroughly. I made a study of catarrh, and early in the course of my investigation I discovered that what is known as pharyngeal catarrh is the worst form of the disease. Singularly enough, I found less attention paid to this species of catarrh than to any other. I want this morning to tell my readers something of a wonderful pepsin for use in cases of pharyngeal catarrh. It will be well to state here that pepsin is the latest scientific remedy for dyspepsia or indigestion. Carl L. Jensen, the Norwegian chemist of Philadelphia, has through prolonged study and experimentations brought to the medical world a pepsin preparation which has created for itself a world-wide reputation among the medical profession, and it is eminently lauded as not alone the finest, but far the most active, food-dissolver ever prescribed by the medical profession. The following article from Germany, about this American preparation proves that there are yet wider fields for its utility: Dr. J. Fisher, of Berlin, had a patient suffering with chronic pharyngeal catarrh. Various local and internal remedies were tried in vain, until finally the patient complained of some transient gastric disturbances, caused by too luxurious a meal. The doctor advised him to take five grains of Jensen's Pepsin—which, by-the-way, is also recognized in Germany as the best pepsin in the market—immediately after each meal. The patient, who from frequent medication had become adverse to medication, took the pepsin cure—five grains of Jensen's Pepsin.

The effect was remarkable. Not only the stomach improved, but after three days' use the pharyngeal catarrh also showed decided amelioration. Dr. Fisher then administered the pepsin in still larger doses, ten grains each, and two weeks later the catarrh had disappeared. The same remedy was afterwards tried in four more cases, and with the same result, where other pepsin preparations had failed. There is one symptom that seems always to yield readily to Jensen's Pepsin, viz., the peculiar dryness of which patients suffering from chronic pharyngeal catarrh are so apt to complain. The remedy ought to be taken in its pure state, and it should be allowed slowly to dissolve in the mouth. There is a complaint intimately connected with the catarrh question—viz., circular ulceration of the posterior nares. Patients suffering from this trouble usually have to hawk a great deal every morning, sometimes also in the daytime, to their own disgust and that of others. The hawking is often so great that it leads to vomiting, and the symptom itself is a very annoying one. In a similar accidental manner to Dr. F., Dr. Hugo Engel discovered that Jensen's Pepsin, if regularly used in divided doses (ten to fifteen grains three or four times a day), is almost a specific in the complaint spoken of. Only one must be careful to obtain the genuine Jensen's Pepsin, there being many similar but worthless preparations on the market, and they are substituted but too often for the genuine article on account of their great cheapness. The tablets of Jensen's Pepsin are well adapted for the purpose indicated. It seems, therefore, that perhaps most cases of catarrh are favored or caused by dyspepsia or indigestion. The head-quarters of Dr. Jensen's Pepsin are at No. 161 West Twenty-third Street, in this city, and at No. 2039 Green Street, Philadelphia. Of course all reputable druggists keep Jensen's Pepsin Tablets.

Mr. CROWLEY, the celebrated missing link, now at the Central Park (N. Y.) Menagerie, found himself, some time since, sick with pneumonia. His family physician, Dr. Conklin, prescribed the usual remedies, but finally decided to try MAGEE'S EMULSION, which had been brought to his notice. It acted like a charm, and Mr. Crowley regained his usual health in a short time, adding over forty pounds to his avoirdupois in three months' time. This Emulsion differs from the many others now in the market, its base being a strictly pure extract of malt instead of soap barks, gum tragacanth, or other non-medical compositions so often used in these preparations. It is very palatable and forms a pleasant and nutritious drink when mixed with cold water or milk.

A GOOD REPUTATION.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles.

Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without breath."

They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat and Bronchial Affections. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.—[Adv.]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGERT & SONS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.

A Remedy for Consumption.
For Wasting in Children.
For Scrofulous Affections.
For Anæmia and Debility.
For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 683 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$5 to \$8 a Day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN-HOLDER CO., HOLLY, MICH.



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A Skin Without Blemish

Everywhere a network of sudorific ducts, veins and pores, the skin constantly renews itself, and not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with its natural functional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation and disease. Hence, a skin without blemish means more than beauty; it means health.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

I have been afflicted for a great many years with bad blood, which has caused me to have sores on my body. My hands were in a solid sore for over a year. I had tried almost everything I could hear of, but had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when I saw the advertisement of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I used one box of CUTICURA, one bottle of RESOLVENT, and one cake of SOAP, and am now able to do all my own work.

Mrs. FANNIE STEWART, Staunton, Ind.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin, scalp and hair preserved and beautified by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

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I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds, and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA, and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure.

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.

Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

Have just used your CUTICURA REMEDIES on one of my girls, and found it to be just what it is recommended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and body, and the hair commenced to come out. Now she is as smooth as ever she was, and she has only used one box of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I doctored with quite a number of doctors, but to no avail. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of the statement.

GEORGE EAST, Macon, Mich.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face, to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Mrs. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan. Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable. For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

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Dr. Harmon (President of the Institute) certainly understands most thoroughly the physical needs of women, and his success speaks for him—*Ladies' Home Journal*, San Francisco, February, 1888.
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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I will send one No. 5 Matchless Banjo, value \$30; one Universal Banjo Instructor, price \$1; one Simplified Method, price \$1; three Sets of Strings, price \$2.25, C.O.D., with privilege to examine, for \$31. Address orders to 1451 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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Yale Art Works, New Haven, Conn.

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Is acknowledged to be the best and most efficacious Remedy for GOUT and RHEUMATISM, as testified by Thousands of people. Who has once tried this excellent Remedy will always keep the "PAIN EXPELLER" trademark "Anchor" in his house. Sold by all Chemists. Price 50 Cents.
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FREE HOMESTEADS For YOURSELF, your WIFE and your CHILDREN.
THE LAND OF FLOWERS, OF ORANGE GROVES, OF PERPETUAL SUMMER: HEALTHY, PROSPEROUS, DELIGHTFUL! NATURE'S SANITARIUM!
THE GRANDEST COLONIZATION ENTERPRISE EVER OFFERED TO A HOME-LOVING PEOPLE.
THE PEOPLE'S HOMESTEAD CO. Offers you a Beautiful House Lot, Cottage Site or Orange Grove FREE. Tract, in one of the best locations in that favored State, FREE. WARRANTY DEED, FREE OF INCUMBRANCE. TITLE PERFECT. LAND AND LOCATION UNEXCELLED.

READ OUR PROPOSITION.
This Company own and control 20,000 acres of land in Marion County, Florida, 187 feet above the sea level, and consisting of high, dry, rolling, fertile pine land.
To enhance the value of all this land by large and diversified ownership, the Company propose to give away a portion of this property in cottage sites, and five, ten, twenty and forty acre tracts, suitable for orange grove and vegetable culture, and to those who accept this offer and send their name and address we will send a numbered **WARRANTY DEED OPTION BOND**, which entitles the holder to one of the following tracts as specified:
40 ACRE TRACTS, 20 ACRE TRACTS, 10 ACRE TRACTS, 5 ACRE TRACTS, COTTAGE SITES AND BUSINESS LOTS.
The above tracts, cottage sites and business lots consist of about one-half our lands. By giving away one-half and reserving the balance, we expect the price to quadruple within a year, as many will undoubtedly settle and improve, although this is optional the land being given free, with no conditions as to settlement or improvements.
This land will be allotted as applications are received, IN A FAIR AND EQUITABLE MANNER, and with no preferences.
NO CHARGE FOR THE LAND.
After you have received your bond, if you will fill out with full names complying with its provisions and return to us, we will then execute and forward to you a **WARRANTY DEED** which makes you absolute owner forever. No charge whatever is made for the Warranty Deed Option Bond, but we require to send 25 cents, Postal Note or Cash, or 50 cents in Stamps, when application is sent for the deed bond. This amount is a pro rata charge to help pay for this advertisement, postage, and also a handsome illustrated book on Florida, its climate, soil, orange culture, &c., and is in no sense a charge for the deed bond or the land it calls for. After receiving the option bond you are not obligated to have the deed executed if the location or land does not suit you and the 25 cts. expense will be returned in such case. But it is hoped you will accept this proposition in the spirit in which it is presented, that of securing property for your self or children, which must increase in value from year to year by reason of rapid settlement and improvement.

LEROY, MARION COUNTY, FLORIDA.
All our lands are located in and around LEROY, MARION CO., FLORIDA, ten miles from Ocala, the county seat, a thriving town of 3,500 inhabitants. It is all high, dry, rolling pine land, free from wet spots, and one of the healthiest locations in Florida. The SILVER SPRINGS, Ocala & GULF RAILROAD, runs through it.
Mr. A. P. Mann, Jr., General Manager of this railroad, in speaking of this land, says:
"I should think \$5,000 no extraordinary price for our one-half interest of only 160 acres so favorably situated, for a town with a handsome and ornamental depot already established, and such fine prospects of local importance. It is all high, dry, rolling and fertile pine land, and there is no more healthy location in Florida. The surrounding country, as well as this land, is especially adapted to ORANGE and VEGETABLE culture, as well as to upland rice, long staple cotton, corn, and choice varieties of tobacco."

★CLIMATE AND HEALTH★
The climate of this section is unsurpassed by any in the world, not even excepting Italy. Cool, balmy, delightful breezes are constantly blowing between the Gulf and the Atlantic. The thermometer rarely goes above 90 in Summer or below 40 in the Winter. No untimely frosts occur in Summer, and nights are delightfully cool. This immediate neighborhood is well adapted for a Summer as well as a Winter resort.

ENDORSEMENT. Ocala, Fla., Dec. 10, 1887.—We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the land in and around Leroy, Marion County, Florida, is high, dry, rolling pine land, well located on the S.S., O. & G. R. R., of fair quality, and will compare favorably with the average pine lands of Florida, and bids fair to enhance in value. JNO. F. DUNN, President Merchants National Bank, Ocala; J. R. BULLOCK, County Clerk; J. R. MOREHEAD, County Surveyor; H. W. LONG, County Commissioner; P. E. HARRIS, Editor Ocala Banner; T. W. HARRIS, Editor Free Press; A. P. MANN, Jr., Gen'l Manager S. S., O. & G. R. R.; BAKER & ADAMS ABSTRACT COMPANY; JAMES L. WHITE, Ex-County Surveyor.

MONEY LOANED. This Company is prepared to loan money for the purpose of improving or increasing the value of property secured from the Company, giving five years to pay for same. Plans of houses will be furnished free upon application to those wishing to build, but it is entirely optional with owners of land whether they build or not. The Company will also contract to see out and take care of orange grove tracts for five years.

TAXES PAID. The Company will pay all taxes upon this property until 1890.

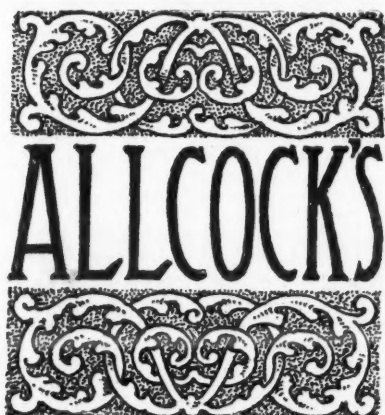
FACTS. Marion County is one of the richest counties in Florida; contains excellent soil and raises more than half the orange and lemon crop of the State. LEROY is the centre of one of the healthiest and most fertile sections. No swamps, no malaria, and so far south as to be below what is termed the "frost line." The celebrated Withlacoochee River, close by, is filled with choice varieties of fish, while deer and other game fill the forests for miles around. Blue Spring, within fifteen minutes of Leroy, is one of the wonders of the State.

LOCAL CLUBS. To those wishing to form clubs in their own we will send five warranty deed option bonds for \$1.00; ten for \$2.00; fifteen for \$3.00; twenty-five for \$5.00; forty for \$8.00; fifty for \$10.00. No more than fifty will be sent to any one club.

WRITE TO-DAY. This offer will soon be withdrawn. Send in a club and have your friends interested with you. If free property is all taken when your order is received, money will be returned. The more owners the more value are increased. This is what makes real estate in our large cities so valuable, and it is our only reason for making this unparalleled offer. Send money by Postal Note, Money Order or Registered Letter. Address, **THE PEOPLE'S HOMESTEAD CO.** P. O. Box 2196, 45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



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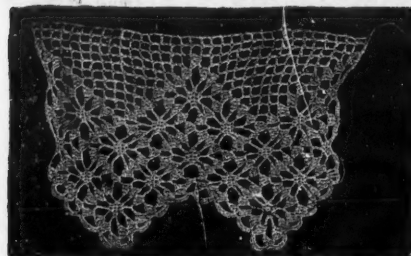
They are invaluable in cases of Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver and Stomach Affections, Strains and all Local Pains.

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Then try it and make home bright. Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that **SAPOLIO** makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try **SAPOLIO** and you will be surprised at your success. No. 25.

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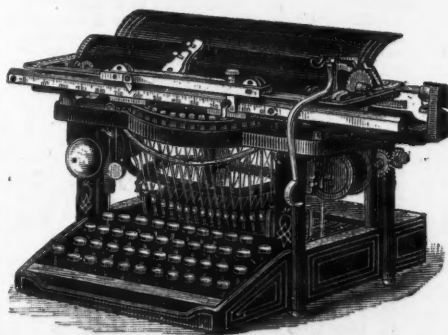
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